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THE FIRST OF JUNE AT BIRMINGHAM.

IT may be said to be no business of any one except Gladstonian Separatists to ask why those Gladstonian Separatists are satisfied with the Radical Unionist demonstration at Birmingham. They have already shown a creditable disposition to be satisfied with very small mercies, such as the diminution of the Gladstonian majority in Cornwall from thousands to hundreds and as Dr. DALE's paper in the *Contemporary Review*. This latter periodical is not much read by the gay and frivolous or by the ordinary inhabitant of the railway-carriage, and it may be possible for sufficient courage to make out to such persons that Dr. DALE (the "Bishop of Nonconformity") is burning for Gladstonian reunion, when what he really says is that the circumstances do not seem to him to justify despair of it. Even the touch of uncertainty which by a very generous critic may be discerned in this allocution of Dr. DALE's disappeared in the meetings of Wednesday. It was perfectly plain that the delegates of the morning meeting and the "overflowing audience" of the evening shared that reluctance to turn the other cheek which Dr. DALE deploras as in duty bound, but which in non-religious matters is less commonly found on the losing than on the winning side. There was not only no whisper of weakness, but the letters of plain common-sense from Lord HARTINGTON and of eloquent denunciation from Mr. BRIGHT were not stronger than the actual speeches at the meeting, and the strongest expressions of both met with the readiest approval of the audience. It may suit partisans at their wits' ends for something to say to denounce the "snobbishness" of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's description of the Tories as "English gentlemen"; but even in the flurry of midnight vexation such partisans should have seen the imminence of a rather awkward retort. There is at least no danger that any one, in snobbishness or in anything else, will describe their allies as English or as gentlemen. They are quite safe from any such insult or any such injury as that.

To those, however, who look at the matter neither as Radical Unionists with undue prepossession nor as Gladstonian Separatists with unavoidable disgust, this meeting at Birmingham is one of the most remarkable political incidents of many years past. Here was no unholy mixture such as that which shocked some Liberal purists in the case of the great meeting at Her Majesty's. Speakers and writers alike were of the straitest sect of Liberalism, and all the speakers except Sir HENRY JAMES were Radicals of the deepest dye. Yet not only the Unionist, but the anti-Gladstonian, tone of the meeting was as strong as that of the Opera House demonstration; in the latter case it was, indeed, stronger. There could be no fault found with the patriotic and argumentative base of the statements made. Only those who in the sacred simplicity of their own words decline to recognize any political object except "driving a Tory Government from office" can find a fault or a flaw in the demonstration, supplied as well by Sir HENRY JAMES as by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, that the Liberal and Radical Unionists are breaking no principle, but, on the contrary, adhering to all principle, in making and maintaining an alliance with Unionist Tories. Although the same argument has been often used before and never met by the other side, it is satisfactory to have it once more urged by influential speakers and endorsed by large audiences that a party is not a mere century to which the centurion has a right to say "Come" or "Go" or "Do this" as he chooses, but a

body of men who are joined together in the affirmation of certain political principles binding alike on centurion and century. The condemnation of the late shameless obstruction, the rebuke of the, if possible, more shameless falsification of history which makes men like Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT compare Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN to Mr. JOHN HAMFDEN—all these things were satisfactory enough. But there was something else about the meeting more satisfactory still; something much more promising of good to England. It was that this meeting of Radicals of the Radicals, this Birmingham meeting, had found Mr. GLADSTONE out.

It may be remembered that, at the meeting at Her Majesty's, Lord HARTINGTON, on a casual expression of disapproval at Mr. GLADSTONE's name, made a very touching and dignified appeal, instantly approved by the audience, to the Tories present not to indulge their party sentiments. Matters have gone a long way since that. Lord HARTINGTON himself writes, and a Birmingham audience loudly cheers the words, "Their [Mr. GLADSTONE's and his followers'] only object is to retain, at any cost, the support of the Irish party." Mr. JESSE COLLINGS makes, and the Birmingham audience applauds, the statement that Mr. GLADSTONE is "making ducks and drakes of the vital interests of the country"; Mr. CHAMBERLAIN describes, amid the same applause, Mr. GLADSTONE as "sanctioning and inviting obstruction"; Sir HENRY JAMES drives home against his former leader the famous inconsistency, and worse than inconsistency, of the speech at Mr. PARNELL's arrest. But the most uncompromising charges, met with the loudest applause, in the capital of Radical Liberalism come from a quarter more remarkable still. Who was it that spoke of the "dual partnership of Mr. PARNELL and Mr. GLADSTONE"? Who accuses Mr. GLADSTONE of "abusing the majority," of "turning his own coat and having no patience with Liberals of longer standing than himself who refuse to turn theirs"? Who speaks of the "humiliation" of the Liberals who still adhere to Mr. GLADSTONE? Who talks of "surrender to conspiracy," of "prostration to an odious, illegal, immoral conspiracy," of the "mischief and the shame" of Mr. GLADSTONE's course of conduct? Is it some rabid Tory, or some fossil Whig, or some ambitious Radical with a personal grievance? Not exactly. It is Mr. BRIGHT. To point the antithesis further, to say who or what Mr. BRIGHT is and always has been, to show how his very faults and weaknesses, as we have held and hold them to be, approve and strengthen such a denunciation of Mr. GLADSTONE as coming from him, would be unnecessary and almost impertinent. The mere quotation of the phrases and the fact that they are signed "JOHN BRIGHT" is worth pages of comment.

The First of June 1887 will be a glorious First of June, indeed, if historians are able to date from it the distinct awakening of Mr. GLADSTONE's own party to the faults of Mr. GLADSTONE's character and conduct, to the "future of shame and regret" (Mr. BRIGHT's words again) to which those who march with Mr. GLADSTONE are too probably marching. So long as it was a point of honour among Liberals and Radicals to stop their ears to demonstrations of these faults as "Tory lies," so long as the mischievous delusion as to the identity of Mr. GLADSTONE's personality with the principle of Liberalism was kept up, there was no hope of much improvement in the state of England. The Gladstonians, wise enough in their own generation, are trying to keep up or revive the old delusion, to substitute "Up with GLADSTONE and down with Toryism" for all

other cries, and to confuse, if not to obscure altogether, the political with the personal issue. Unless the Birmingham meeting is an invention of ingenious reporters, it shows that these tactics will do no longer. A majority of the best men and no small part of the general rank and file of the once Gladstonian party have been rudely awakened to the fact that a continual hymning of "Great, good, and just" to Mr. GLADSTONE may "play ducks and drakes" with the interests of the country, that the once revered leader has "no object but to retain the support" of "eighty-six disloyal Irishmen," that he is a "turncoat," a leader to "mischief and shame." May they go on in this wholesome course of discovery. The more Mr. GLADSTONE's conduct is studied, the better it must be for England. Up to this last phase of his character it has been apparently possible, though difficult, to maintain belief in his at least conscious rectitude of purpose, while distrusting utterly his judgment, his temper, and his power of excluding selfish motive. Since the winter of 1885 that has been impossible. No man of sense and honesty who impartially considers the history of Mr. GLADSTONE's adhesion to the "immoral, odious, and illegal conspiracy" for Home Rule can believe him to have been actuated by any motive except at the best a blind and furious resentment, at the worst a deliberate determination to do anything for the sake of power. Perhaps the majority of the Birmingham audience would not yet accept this conclusion in terms; but the words to which they listened on Wednesday, the cheers with which they greeted those words, show that they are not far off from it.

MR. GLADSTONE ON MR. LECKY.

MR. GLADSTONE'S criticism of Mr. LECKY's lately published volumes may be divided into two parts, which are almost unconnected with one another. His historical criticism furnishes, independently of its justice or unsoundness, an unusually favourable example of Mr. GLADSTONE's literary style. His courteous treatment of his opponent does credit to his feeling and his taste, and his opinions on the subjects which he discusses deserve, in turn, fair and dispassionate consideration. Twenty pages of the *Nineteenth Century* allow but insufficient space for the discussion of Irish history, of the causes and consequences of the French Revolution, and of the character of a great statesman. It would be still less possible to give reasons for approval or dissent within the limits which are here disposable; but it may be said that, with the best intentions, Mr. GLADSTONE does injustice to PITT in virtually agreeing with MACAULAY's characteristically antithetic judgment. The brilliant historian had long fallen into the mannerism of contrasting the acts of great men with their dispositions or their characters as previously delineated by himself. In his anxiety to do justice to the greatest of Tory Ministers, Lord MACAULAY described him as almost faultless during the first part of his career, and as uniformly unsuccessful for the rest of his life. There was so much foundation for the criticism that PITT was a wise legislator and a consummate administrator, and that he had no special aptitude for the conduct of war; but MACAULAY's favourite phrase, "Such is the inconsistency of human nature," in all cases involves a fallacy. Human nature is always and necessarily consistent; and heroes, though they are liable to weakness, are never essentially weak. During the great war with France PITT commanded the confidence of the country, and he was consequently able to bring all its resources to bear on the prosecution of the contest. It is true that an original error in judgment as to the probable duration of the war caused him to make an enormous addition to the National Debt; but his sound financial convictions had never been shaken. After five or six years of war he declared that, if he had foreseen its long continuance, he would have provided for the whole, or nearly the whole, of the necessary expenditure out of the revenue of each current year.

His sincerity was proved, when he returned to office in 1804, by immediately causing the House of Commons to grant a ten per cent. income-tax, which was never reduced till the close of the struggle. The country almost unanimously accepted a burden which no other Minister of that age would have been allowed to impose. It must also be remembered that PITT's authority and reputation enabled him to organize and to support by moderate subsidies a series of European coalitions, of which some nearly succeeded in their

object. He was in no way responsible for the successive victories which were due to the vast military power of France, and especially to the genius of NAPOLEON. Marengo or Austerlitz, Friedland or Jena, might have resulted in the defeat of the enemy, and in the consequent restoration of peace. Scarcely one of the Continental campaigns would have been possible but for the pecuniary aid of England; and yet of a thousand millions which represented the cost of the war from 1793 to 1815 only about a twentieth part was expended in subsidies. Mr. GLADSTONE deals on this occasion only summarily with PITT's Irish policy, though he observes that in 1785, soon after his accession to office, he was favourable to a scheme of Home Rule. Such is the inconsistency, not of human nature, but of circumstances and of growing experience, that the same Minister fifteen years later passed his Act of Union which, until it was attacked eighteen months ago by Mr. GLADSTONE, had been universally regarded in Great Britain as a fundamental and immutable law. PITT's suspension of his efforts to grant Catholic Emancipation has been often discussed. His conduct, though it is not exempt from liability to censure, was closely imitated by his Whig successors when they took office after his death.

Mr. GLADSTONE suspects that Mr. LECKY has added to the original text of his history some patches or *panni* which in his opinion are not of purple. It is more certain that Mr. GLADSTONE has performed a similar operation in tacking on to his more elaborate criticism on PITT a defence of his own conduct against a charge preferred by Mr. LECKY. It is perfectly natural that Mr. GLADSTONE should accept a direct and formidable challenge. Referring to the address or programme which was issued at the time of the sudden dissolution in 1874, Mr. LECKY censures the conduct of "a Minister going to the country on the promise that if he was returned to office he would abolish the principal direct tax paid by the class which was then predominant in the constituencies." As Mr. GLADSTONE justly observes, the description of the constituencies is not strictly accurate, as some years before household suffrage had been established in boroughs. The county constituencies were still deeply interested in the repeal or continuance of the Income-tax, and there is no doubt that the promise of repeal was designed and reasonably expected to produce a strong impression on the borough voters. There had only been one general election after the introduction of household suffrage, and the Income-tax, affecting nearly all tradesmen, had for years been one of the most popular objects of denunciation and complaint. If Mr. GLADSTONE's offer had been welcomed instead of being wholly disregarded, there is no doubt that it would have gone far to turn the election. Proposals to repeal the Malt-tax, which concerned a comparatively small class of voters, have often been blamed by Liberal politicians as unfair Tory manoeuvres. Mr. GLADSTONE further complains of the statement that the promise was made conditional on the Ministers being returned to office. It might, perhaps, have been more correct to say that the pledge was to be redeemed if a Ministerial majority was returned to Parliament; but the sentence, like many expressions which are never misunderstood except by astute critics, is thoroughly idiomatic and intelligible. The official authority of the Government was in abeyance until the election was decided. Mr. LECKY certainly never intended to suggest that the Minister who announced in the same document the dissolution of Parliament was not in office. The result was that Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues were unsuccessful, and that they never met the new Parliament. Mr. LECKY speaks of the abortive negotiation as an alternative form of corruption which has succeeded the purchase of boroughs and the handing of banknotes to members of Parliament. Mr. GLADSTONE, who, as it has been already said, is happier than usual in the composition of his historical remarks, oddly declares that no former historian has to his knowledge "attempted the more ambitious task of comparing elements essentially moral, which is fearlessly undertaken by Mr. LECKY. It seems a little too near the business of the Day of Judgment." It would be presumptuous to define the proper business of the Day of Judgment; but it seems hard that no opinion should be formed on the comparative morality of different actions till the end of the world. Mr. GLADSTONE probably means something, but he has not made his argument clear. There may perhaps have been no atrocious guilt in the donation or acceptance of banknotes by members of Parliament a hundred and fifty years ago. There was certainly nothing culpable in the purchase of boroughs as long as it was allowed by law. Mr. GLADSTONE's bid for

votes at the dissolution of 1874 was almost universally reprobated. It was his duty as Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and as a financier of recognised authority, to impose or remit taxes not with reference to their greater or less popularity, but on due consideration of their expediency and justice. The reasons for or against a special impost can only be understood by students of finance or of fiscal history. The multitude have the opportunity of complaining when a tax is found oppressive, but it has no capacity for judging whether an alternative burden ought to be preferred. It was obvious that Mr. GLADSTONE's appeal was addressed, not to the opinion of competent judges, but to cupidity and ignorance. The general instinct coincided with the deliberate opinion of dispassionate politicians. The whole community understood that a majority which might keep the Ministry in office would receive a pecuniary reward. It has always been thought surprising that the country in general should have resented or disregarded an irregular attempt to buy political support.

In the most creditable of his numerous Budgets, produced in 1853, Mr. GLADSTONE asserted, against the prejudiced opinion of a popular majority, the vital principle of an equal assessment. Mr. DISRAELI, who never understood the principles of finance, had shortly before proposed to tax the contributors under Schedule D at a lower rate. It is possible that neither Mr. GLADSTONE's colleagues nor the House of Commons would have agreed to an equal and uniform assessment if he had not consulted, and perhaps shared, another prejudice in the expectation that the tax would not be permanent. It has since been recognized by the great majority of financial authorities as one of the most equitable parts of the fiscal system. Mr. GLADSTONE in 1853 produced a scheme which was to ensure the cessation of the tax in 1860, and probably his promise might have been kept if the Crimean War had not intervened. In 1860 Mr. GLADSTONE, once more Chancellor of the Exchequer, added a percentage to the tax for the purpose of facilitating the repeal of the paper duty and the reductions of charge which were provided by the French Commercial Treaty. He has persuaded himself that he was still bound in honour to resume his scheme of twenty-one years earlier when his retention of office seemed to depend on his offer of 1874. He now says that he at the same time undertook to recast the duties on legacies and successions. If he made any proposal of the kind, the offer attracted no attention. Although it would be rash to contradict Mr. GLADSTONE, his statement is scarcely supported by common belief. In the address to the constituencies which is the subject of the present controversy there was, if a confident recollection may be trusted, no mention of duties on successions. It is true that Mr. GLADSTONE was already suspected of a meditated attack on property, but the masses were not at that time openly favoured at the expense of the classes. The whole controversy has now only a historical interest.

THE ARTILLERY.

THE most mischievous changes recently made in the army appear to be the consequences of a great and new discovery, when and by whom made we know not, that the safety of the country depends absolutely upon the home army consisting of two army corps *exactly*. Few reasonable persons would venture to maintain that the safety of this island should be risked upon a force of less than two army corps. But the extraordinary and, to the lay mind, unintelligible part of the discovery is, that it is quite as dangerous to have *more* as to have *less* men and guns than are required for two army corps. For example, it was found at the last moment that there were four more batteries of Horse Artillery than were necessary for two corps. This was intolerable; these batteries must be destroyed; these batteries were destroyed. It is said that, had there been a surplus regiment of cavalry, it would have been used to reinforce the Army Hospital Corps, for which it is very difficult to obtain recruits. In this case the burden would have fallen upon the backs of the Hussars, as it was found that the Dragoons are too long-legged for clinical duties. But we are assured, if the Horse Artillery have been reduced by four, the field batteries have been increased by four batteries. This is quite true, if we accept (as we are bound to do) a principle of modern military arithmetic, which will be best explained by an example.

B. possessed 17. last Saturday morning. During the day he disbursed ten shillings in various purchases, and he received two shillings which a friend owed him. Ordinary persons might suppose the result of the day's transactions to have been that B.'s cash was reduced by eight shillings. Nothing of the sort; B.'s cash, according to War Office arithmetic, was "increased" by two shillings. For did he not receive the two shillings his friend owed him? On this admirable principle the field batteries have indeed been increased by four batteries. Fourteen field batteries have been (virtually) swept away to form ammunition columns; but four batteries have been added, and therefore the field batteries have been "increased" by four batteries. There has also been an "increase" in the actual number of cannon ready and equipped for fight. Twenty-two guns have been packed up and put into store; but two, or four, or possibly even six guns have been added to the artillery in some obnoxious and forgotten place. Therefore, &c. &c.

But not even the sophistry of the War Office can apply the word "increase" to the reduction of a large percentage of the Lieutenant-Colonels and Majors of the Artillery. In a sudden and serious war it would be comparatively safe and easy to increase the junior ranks of the corps; but it would be both difficult and dangerous to increase the senior ranks. However, the reduction of this valuable body of officers has been not only resolved on, but is being actually carried out; carried out, too, in a fashion in which no previous reduction was ever carried out. In previous reductions one step of promotion out of two or three vacancies has been always allowed, to prevent unnecessary individual suffering. In the present case all promotion, in a corps of some 1,500 officers, has been practically stopped, presumably until the end desired has been attained. The public are entitled to know the grounds of this extraordinary reduction. It is an easy matter to pull the temple down; but who will build it up again in three days? We shall be told that the reduction was resolved on because we had too many Artillery officers. We appear to have had not only too many officers, but too many guns and too many horses. What rational Government could tolerate such bloated armaments? Yet they have been tolerated for years by a succession of Liberal and Conservative Governments; and it was discovered but yesterday that we possessed too large a force of Artillery. Is there any subtle connexion between the number of our Artillery officers and the two army corps? Have we too many officers for the two corps?

We doubt the divine origin of this latter-day revelation, this gospel of two army corps. The Artillery is being reduced, unwisely, unreasonably, and summarily, because the Treasury wants money; and the doctrine of the two delusive army corps has been devised merely to distract the attention of a patient and bewildered public while it is being robbed of officers and guns which, in the moment of need, it will be absolutely impossible to replace.

THE PARALYSIS OF GOVERNMENT.

SOME foreign observers of the troubles in Ireland, not specially well affected to England, and at least sentimentally predisposed to the Irish cause, have been unable to refrain from expressions of wonder and condemnation at the inefficiency of the protection which is given to the Irish loyalists. These observers may be theoretically not indisposed to Home Rule (especially since they, like all sensible men, know that it would weaken England), and they may have no liking for what folly calls the "feudal" relation of landlord and tenant. But that people should be positively punished for obeying the law—that the law's servants should be at the mercy of every ruffian, with no greater penalty than the rather problematical trial, and nearly certain acquittal or dismissal, of that ruffian before a jury of his own fellows, seems to them a thing partly horrible and partly idiotic. We are afraid that if these intelligent aliens see accounts of the Tithe War in Wales they will be confirmed in the idea that there is something exceedingly rotten in the state of English government. The highly coloured account of the lawless conduct at Meifod last Friday week has been proved to be misleading in one or two minor points, the particular auctioneer in question not having been present. But Mr. ROBERTS's letter of correction practically confirms all the important details of the story. The combination by sounding of horns and lighting of fires, the ill-treatment of animals, the violence

offered to the auctioneer and subsequently to the bailiffs, the complete nullification of law which characterized the proceedings, exactly reproduce the facts so common in Ireland. Now, we have at this moment nothing to do with the tithe question as such. It is, of course, well known that the demands of the Welsh farmers are even more impudent than the demands of the Irish, inasmuch as the money they seek to withhold is not paid by themselves at all, but merely represents an allowance already made in their rents. They are, in fact, as it has been put with strict correctness, doing nothing but attempting to embezzle money with which they have been entrusted by the landlord that they may hand it to the tithe-owner. But we are not now concerned with this. The point is the flagrant, and up to this moment the unpunished, lawlessness of their proceedings and the apparent indifference with which it is regarded by Government. It is not long since the HOME SECRETARY gave a most sanguine answer in the House of Commons about this very tithe matter. It is true that Mr. MATTHEWS had on that particular occasion the excuse that his questioner was an Irish member whose motives were evidently not pertinent. But scenes of violence only less violent than those of Meifod have been going on in Wales for months, and we do not remember that anybody's head has been broken, or that anybody has suffered damage in purse or person except the all-suffering instruments or protégés of the law.

Now, it is but a small matter, comparatively, that this is exactly the history of Irish trouble itself. The resemblance is no doubt sufficiently sinister; but what is more sinister still is not the slowness of Government to take the lessons of Ireland and the Highlands, but the fact that any such lessons should be required. It has always (and more especially in England) been held that the very first duty of Government is to uphold law and the servants of law at all hazards. If the law is a bad one, get it altered; if the servants of law strain or transgress it, let them be sharply punished. But as long as the law is the law and as the law's servants are acting within it, let every hair of their heads be as sacred as the QUEEN'S, and let every right given by law be enforced by the whole power of the Crown. That, we say, is the first principle of all intelligent government, and when it fails to be observed the failure is a proof either of some singular blindness in the men who direct Government or of some more fatal, because less curable, paralysis and debility in the general system and popularly entertained idea of government itself. We are rather afraid that the latter state of things has come about in England. The policy of surrendering to lawlessness if it will only be sufficiently lawless, of granting demands if only they are uttered with sufficiently disorderly clamour, was openly announced by Mr. GLADSTONE some eight years ago, was adopted by one great party in the State as its principle, was carried out in the cases of the Transvaal, of Ireland, and of the Scotch crofters. The proposal to grant Home Rule is avowedly supported by absolutely nothing save this principle, and Mr. JOHN MORLEY, the one genuine Home Ruler of distinction who can plead conviction anterior to Mr. GLADSTONE'S discovery that he wanted the Home Rule vote, does not attempt to bring forward any other argument, though he puts it rather in the form of expediency than of right, of the trouble or impossibility of resistance rather than of the sacred claims of justice. The principle is the same, though it is put rather differently and more honestly, if also with a more cynical or naïf disregard of the usual decencies or hypocrisies of politics. By the other party and its leaders this principle has never been formally adopted; but the conduct of the present Government in regard to Ireland, to the London Socialists, and now to the Welsh tithe-stealers, shows but too clearly how deeply the body politic is tainted with this disease. Sir FRANCIS CLAVERING, a person not of high moral tone, but of some acuteness, defined the conduct of his son and heir in a way which exactly describes the principle on which modern malefactors act, and on which modern statesmen give way to them. "Fwank cwies," said the baronet, "and he gets it." That is exactly the history of the Irish, the Crofter, the Socialist, the Welsh disturbances of these late years. "Fwank cwies," and after the wont of naughty children adds to the crying kicks and blows at his nurse. And Mr. GLADSTONE starts a theory that the crying and the kicking are signs that the demands are ripe for granting; and Mr. JOHN MORLEY, varying the proceeding a little, points out that Fwank will go on cwyng and kicking, and that it will be a great nuisance; and the Conservative Government, without exactly reaching this pitch of avowed

philosophy or poltroonery, hesitates nearly as much as its predecessor to apply the only sound remedy, that is to say, the promptest, soundest, and longest-continued horsing and birching that can be managed.

It may be rather the business of the moral philosopher than of the practical politician to lament the evidence of general decay which is thus shown; but there is nothing unpractical in pointing out that every display of weakness brings the trouble nearer home. Already, and but a few days ago, there was reported what at least looked like an organized attempt to boycott with violence a sale in London of Irish property. More recently still some Irishmen have appeared at the police-court charged with brutally assaulting and seriously injuring a man who had been instrumental in recovering possession for a landlord, not in Ireland, but in London. There is no single justification of Irish and Welsh rioting which would not justify the hustling of a tax-gatherer in Bayswater or a rent-collector in Bermondsey, and since the dropping of the last remnant of decency by Mr. GLADSTONE and his party, there is no security that proceedings of this kind would not meet with defenders in Parliament. The merest selfishness, then, would seem to urge on the present Government the propriety of taking a rather less Olympian view of this Welsh sedition (for that is what it comes to) than has hitherto been taken. Although dangerous encouragement has been given by the supineness of the past few months, the time for the "whiff of grape-shot" (which need as yet probably be nothing much more than a whiff of blank cartridge) is luckily not over. Some advantage has already been derived in Ireland from the plan, so late adopted and so long urged, of combined and systematic carrying out of the law by forces too great to resist. In Wales, where the evil is far less deeply seated, it can be much more easily eradicated and prevented from spreading. There need be not the slightest hesitation as to the employment of the military. Every one on whom an illegal demand is made has his remedy in the QUEEN'S Courts, and everybody who resists the legal enforcement of demand legally made must take the consequences. It is impossible to imagine anything more cruel than allowing these ignorant Welshmen and Welshwomen to suppose that riot and violence are things indifferent; it is also impossible to imagine anything less statesmanlike than the notion that tithe-owners and tithe-stealers may safely be left to fight it out, that riot and violence due to such causes are things which matter nothing to a sensible GALLIO.

JUBILEE OAKS.

[THE following observations have nothing to do with Rêve d'Or.] Inquisitive people have often speculated as to the probable meaning of the expressions "practical hatter," "practical bootmaker," and the like, not infrequently employed in the legends surmounting shop-windows. The potential qualities of an unpractical boot or a theoretical hat have been warmly canvassed, but without getting much forrarder. "A Country Doctor" has this week made a suggestion for a practical Jubilee, which may throw some light on the mystery. If it does not, it will not be the fault of his admiring readers.

In his judgment there are "two desiderata wanting in the present arrangements for celebrating the Jubilee—viz. consentient action and permanence of effect." It is to be feared that everybody will not be consentient about this axiom. To some minds one of the most pleasing features about the Jubilee is that it cannot come more than twice in any century. But this is by the way. "The oak" is an emblem of permanence. Therefore the "Country Doctor" recommends that "at a certain stroke of the clock, on a certain day (say 3, on Tuesday, June 21), every village in the kingdom should make its little procession of school-children and loyal inhabitants, with bands and banners, to the village green or common, and there plant an oak." A village planting an oak would certainly be an impressive spectacle. The "Country Doctor" goes so far as to say that "the whole nation [he does not explain what is to become of that part of the nation which does not live in villages] at the same moment breathing forth its loyalty in tuneful prayer for blessings on its Sovereign would be a sight for the gods." He might have added "exclusively," for certainly no one else would see it. The reference is to the singing of the National Anthem, with which the proceedings would conclude. But before that "the local magnate

"might make a short oration." If the local magnate happened to be member for the county, and to have read his *Punch*, his short oration would probably be in some such words as, "I beg to move, Sir, that the acorn be now 'planted.'"

The oaks, according to the "Country Doctor's" suggestion, will then grow, and long hence "the wives and daughters" of future generations "will come and look at them, and be reminded that Queen VICTORIA 'placed before herself a high 'ideal and lived up to it,' and stimulated 'to emulate her 'virtues.' But the good effect would not end there, for 'the men are very much what their mothers and wives 'make them'—there is no reason why a country doctor should not be a physiologist—and 'in this way the whole 'moral tone of the Briton of the future would be sweetened, 'purified, and elevated' by HER MAJESTY and the commemorative oaks. Here we regret to observe that the 'Country Doctor's' enthusiasm for his oaks gets the better of his loyalty, for he adds, 'Thus the good the QUEEN does 'would live after her, and not be 'interred with her 'bones.'" The suggestion that the good the QUEEN does will not, at some period far, indeed, we trust, beyond the range of practical politics, survive HER MAJESTY, unless it be by the aid of Jubilee oaks, is unworthy of a member of a learned profession.

It appears that some malicious spirit has suggested to the "Country Doctor" that perhaps "this is the wrong season 'to plant a tree." If it is—though the cautious leech does not commit himself to an opinion—a simple expedient will surmount the difficulty. "An oak branch placed in the 'ground at the ceremony by the leading lady of the village 'would serve the purpose, and the tree itself could be 'planted at the appropriate time." Why the makeshift branch should have the honour of being stuck in by a leading lady—is there a "leading lady" in every village!—while the genuine article is planted under no more considerable oratorical patronage than that of "the local 'magnate," it is difficult to understand, but no doubt there is some practical reason for the distinction. The whole collection of ceremonies would, the "Country Doctor" thinks, constitute the practical application of a match "to the 'smouldering mass of loyalty in the country, all eager to 'burst into flame and blaze forth a beacon to the whole 'world, and leave its mark upon the nation for all time." The metaphor is mixed. When you have got your mass of loyalty (or other enthusiasm) smouldering, it wants not a match but a bellows to make it burst into flame. The proper description, therefore, of the "Country Doctor's" admirable epistle is a Practical Jubilee Bellows, and every one must wish it success.

PROFESSOR CHANDLER'S VICTORY.

IT is needless to wish more power to the elbow of Professor CHANDLER. He has all he wants, and his triumph is complete. The Bodleian is not to be scattered through all the studies and smoking-rooms of resident graduates at Oxford. Oxford can stand a good deal from the new spirit in the way of schools in Letto-Schmudzo-Basque, but it means the Bodleian to remain the Bodleian. The amendment of the Provost of Queen's, to the effect that books and MSS. are only to be lent by authority of Convocation, was easily carried—by 106 to 60.

There are many men of learning who, much to our surprise, took the opposite part. Professor FREEMAN did so, "in the name of Research." O Research, what things are done in thy name! Of course we have but a brief report of his speech, in which he said that "a book was not an idol, 'but a tool." Yet we have an historical instance of a person who objected to his idols being borrowed, and the borrowing of our tools is a thing we all object to very much indeed. It is a kind of "rattening." A man goes to the Bodleian to use a tool. He cannot do so because the tool is not there. Somebody has borrowed it. Now, if that somebody were using the tool in the Bodleian, it would be for the moment beyond the reach of the other man who wants it. But the moment would be brief, because anybody that reads in a public library reads hard, and gets through his business as quickly as he may. The Bodleian is a very nice old place, but few men desire to pass more time there than is necessary. The borrower, on the other hand, carries away a book he fancies he needs, and then he never uses it at all, or only at his very dilatory leisure.

The subscribers to the London Library know all about this. For these reasons the borrowing of a tool is a very undesirable thing, and we have not yet examined the disastrous consequences of borrowing idols. The idols are systematically ruined by borrowers, their children, their friends, the hand-maidens within their gates. They get packed up in the portmanteaux of guests, and carried away, by accident, and then they disappear. Whether as tools or as idols, or as both, books are never the better for being lent. "The lender of a book is a fool; he that returneth 'it is a greater fool," says the Spanish proverb. There is nothing "superstitious" (as Professor FREEMAN thinks) in these arguments.

Other amendments were suggested, but came to nothing. Professor CHANDLER is "tired of arguing," as he says, and fortunately he need not argue any longer. Votes have done all he wants. He urges that people should act like himself, and buy the books they need, using the Bodleian for works of reference. This is speaking like a sportsman. If books are to be lent at all, to the poor country parson let them be lent, not to professors, who are very well paid for being learned, or for a learned reputation, and who can afford to spend a little of their salaries on buying the books that other men write. A stinginess about buying books, a desire to be ever borrowing, is not a creditable sign of English learning. Professor CHANDLER's opponents argue that not to lend is to discourage the writing of books by residents. They certainly write very little, and to very little avail. But will they write more books the more people don't buy them? And people will abstain more from buying the more they are allowed to borrow. The residents are already pretty comfortable, with wives and nurseries and everything handsome about them. They want the Bodleian to be an annexe of their private libraries, where they may sit at home at ease and verbally criticize everybody who, instead of sitting on the bank and piping a silly song, as KEATS says, jumps into the ocean of literature and takes the risks. However, the Bodleian is safe for this time, and the residents need not write any books, unless they like to justify their existence with more than their wonted vigour.

IRELAND AND THE SITUATION.

THE condition of Hyde Park on Whit Monday, to which attention was so cruelly called by the *Times* of that date, is merely typical of the state of things which prevails in every quarter where Separatist spouters might have been expected to congregate. Platforms which should have been thronged with earnest Gladstonians are deserted; roofs which should be ringing with denunciations of the wicked Tories, who are daring to govern Ireland by the methods traditional with their opponents for the last half-century, are silent. Yet there must be some other places in England besides London in which the anarchist agitation achieved the same sort of "unparalleled success" as attended the Easter Monday demonstration in Hyde Park. If so, the organizers of those victories must have felt, we suppose, like their metropolitan colleagues, that none but itself can be the unparalleled's parallel, and have decided not to court the inevitable anti-climax by any attempt to repeat their triumph. All this, however, is no business of ours. We are concerned, not with the causes of the despondency in which the Separatist party are now plunged, but with the fact itself, which, long suspected, has at last become indisputable. The agitation against the Crimes Bill has been as dead a failure in this country as Mr. O'BRIEN's anti-landlord and anti-lord-lieutenant campaign has been in Canada, and how much one says in saying this even the rueful Nationalist press of the Dominion is ready enough to admit. Comparative tranquillity—in the sense, at least, of the enforced quiet of a baffled agitation—prevails in Ireland. Those who have been hoping to manufacture a fresh set of "horrors" out of the Bodyke evictions, have been signally disappointed. Even the most credulous of English sentimentalists has probably begun by this time to suspect an improvident investment of his sympathies in the case of those Glenbeigh tenants whom even their own priest, until terrorized into a retraction, admitted to have been wilfully and dishonestly in the wrong. Bodyke is evidently not going to serve the Separatist Radicals as a second Glenbeigh, and indeed if it offered more promising material than it does, we doubt whether they are not too dispirited to take advantage of it.

Other features of the Irish situation present for the Separatist party the same discouraging aspect. There is no doubt a temporary subsidence of agrarian crime, as there could hardly fail to be when so many of the wholesale and retail dealers in it have deemed it prudent to wind up their business and beat a retreat before the Crimes Bill becomes law. But sporadic outrages, or attempts at outrage, such as that made some days ago on the horses of a man named M'DONNELL, near Castleisland, occur with just sufficient frequency to show how necessary it is to extend the reach of the criminal law; while here and there an occasional admission, like that of the National Leaguer, who confessed the other day in the openness of his heart that without the weapon of boycotting the League would "not be worth a threepenny ticket," significantly indicates another and no less important part of the work which the new legislation must be made to accomplish. This is the kind of combination at which the Bill is aimed, and about which the opponents of the Bill are making such desperate and fraudulent attempts to mislead the English public. The remark which we have quoted was provoked by the case of a car-driver who had been guilty of the crime of supplying vehicles for the conveyance of the police to the Bodyke evictions, and the man who uttered it was, like the late lamented Mr. CAREY, a Town Councillor. It would not be amiss if the next time that Mr. MORLEY or one of his colleagues holds forth before a popular audience about the infamy of the attempt to punish what he chooses to call the exercise of "political" persuasion, the speaker were to be requested by one of his audience to classify the particular exhortation which we have just quoted. Is Mr. MORLEY of opinion that incitements of this kind are legitimate exercises of political liberty? Does he think that Mr. Town Councillor MICHAEL DONNELLY should be permitted to tell the people of Limerick that it is a "most outrageous thing" on their part to allow car-drivers to convey the police in the execution of their duty, and that "those who do so ought to be boycotted"? And does he further think that if the counsels of the Town Councillor were to be acted upon by his constituency, and if the unfortunate car-driver were to be subjected to the merciless persecution of boycotting in consequence, the combination of which he would be the victim is one which it would be an invasion of liberty to interfere with? If Mr. MORLEY does not think this, he must be conscious that a good deal of the rhetoric which he has been launching against the Crimes Bill and its authors is the merest beating of the air. If he does think it, he must surely be conscious by this time that an overwhelming majority of his countrymen disagree with him. Few Gladstonians, we imagine, can any longer doubt that, whatever sympathy with Mr. Town Councillor DONNELLY and his like they may themselves feel or feign, it is not shared with them by any important section of the English people; but that, on the contrary, that people are, with very few exceptions, anxious to see the law in Ireland placed in such a condition that it will be no longer possible for Town Councillors to tyrannize over car-drivers without serious risk of bringing themselves within its grasp.

We have every reason to believe that the Gladstonians are perfectly conscious of this, for them, most discouraging fact. Or rather it has become evident that they deem it vain to attempt any further concealment of a consciousness which has long existed. Another "game is up" besides that—indeed the opposite of that—to which Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN once memorably referred. The game of pretending that "the game of law and order is up in Ireland" is itself up. The pretence that the English electorate in deciding ten months ago by a decisive majority against allowing Ireland to govern herself, intended to convey their desire that Ireland should not be governed at all, was never a very plausible one. But it was a mere necessity of the plight to which Mr. GLADSTONE has reduced his party that it should be put forward; and, as he put it forward, his followers have done their best to get it accepted. The efforts which they have made are most creditable to their endowment with those qualities of lungs and forehead which such an enterprise demands in those who undertake it. But even leather is not imperishable, and though brass is poetically supposed to be, it is not to be warranted against changes of colour which incapacitate it for the particular service for which it is in this case being employed. Even the most unscrupulously blatant of the vociferators against "coercion" has thought it well to admit of late that "our cause" has not thus far prospered as well as could be wished; that "we have had losses," like DOGBERRY, and that, to put the

painful truth as gently as possible, the political outlook for the GLADSTONE-PARNELL confederacy is about as dark as it can well be. So gloomy, indeed, is it everywhere outside Parliament that the confederates will hardly, we should think, return without some qualms of anxiety to their campaign of obstruction in the House of Commons. For the question whether or not the Imperial Parliament may legitimately be degraded and paralysed at pleasure by any ambitious party leader who happens to find himself in Opposition, and hopes, by procuring such degradation and paralysis, to prepare his return to office—this question, we say, is hardly one on which the nation is likely to be indifferent or neutral. If it does not think that the professed object of these proceedings is adequate to the justification of them it is likely to view them with high displeasure. No middle way of regarding them is probable, or even possible. Either the unbounded recklessness of the means is excused by the supreme importance of the end, or it lies open to the severest condemnation, and will plead for pardon in vain. Now it has become pretty obvious, as we have said, that the nation altogether declines to take Mr. GLADSTONE's and the Gladstonians' view of the importance of protecting Town Councillor DONNELLY's liberty of domineering over car-drivers; and the corollary of that is that Mr. GLADSTONE's alliance with Parnellite obstruction has profoundly scandalized and disgusted the national mind. A suspicion of this kind may, we repeat, excite some qualms of anxiety among the English wing of the allied forces; but we imagine that they will get over them. They must fill up the measure of their disgrace and crown the edifice of their unpopularity. Fortunate will it be for them if they are not associated with some terrible incident or other which will turn unpopularity into detestation. The design of the Irish-American murder clubs, as revealed in the latest disclosures of the *Times*, to resume active operations may not, with the best intentions in the world, be realized. But nothing, it must be owned, appears more probable than that they should attempt its realization in the course of the next few weeks or months. And among all the uncertainties surrounding that contingency this one result, at any rate, may be regarded as certain—that an attempt at outrage attended by even a partial measure of success would "settle" the English Separatist Liberal party for many a year to come.

UNDESIRABLE ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE *Standard* is a paper so honourable that nobody would ever dream of charging it with any conscious deviation from correctness. But it seems highly desirable that the conductors of the *Standard* should keep a noble eye on their "Agony Column." This column, the second in the outer sheet, is full of very pleasant reading for novelists in search of a plot, bereaved owners in search of a lost dog, and parents and guardians in search of THOMAS, RICHARD, or HENRY. But should these agreeable hunting-grounds be open to a dark gentleman in pursuit of a blonde lady, or to a respectful admirer in black who is anxious to come on the traces of a Lady in a Grey Jacket who has had a difficulty with a sweetmeat machine? A pair of blue eyes, according to the immortal and frisky PHILINA, are heaven to a pair of black ones, and a grey jacket may be Paradise to a black coat. But is it altogether proper for the *Standard* to bring together these articles of costume, which might not otherwise meet? Is there not a very pronounced air of assignation about the following announcements, to which the *Standard* lends its large circulation and the matronly protection of its highly respectable *agis*?—

WILL LADY in Grey Jacket, who was at Waterloo on Sunday last, and had difficulty with sweetmeat box, deign to COMMUNICATE with her respectful admirer in black who travelled same train?

WILL LADY who sat opposite Two Gentlemen in Western-gardens and near the Peers' Box in Wild West, 31st ult., make APPOINTMENT with dark Gentleman?—REDFOOT.

The poignant interest, social and literary, of these requests we gladly admit. The light they cast on human nature, and on the manners and customs of dark gentlemen, is not unwelcome. Novelists have devised many, or rather they have been but moderately successful in devising a few, modes of bringing people together. The sprained ankle, the lost dog, the bull, the ruffian, the railway accident—who does

not know them! who but has turned from them wearily away, and asked, like the Great King, for something new! And here, no doubt, is a new thing. The scene a crowded railway-station (and that station Waterloo!) on Whit Sunday—why, there is a chapter in itself! Some would spin half an American novel out of it. Then to the 'ARRIES and the perplexed porters enter Beauty, in a grey jacket; she approaches a sweetmeat machine. She has a difficulty with the machine. Many people have, especially on Sundays, when some machines display a distinctly Sabatarian tendency. Perhaps these are the Butter Scotch machines. The lady in a grey jacket struggles with the machine and its obduracy. A respectful admirer in black advances to the aid of woman in distress. Alas! he may repeat the sigh of the Sicilian shepherd:—

Ut vidi, ut perii!

But he keeps this classical quotation to himself. Instead of carving "Grey Jacket" on every suburban tree (a process in which the respectful admirers of other ages have found relief), he advertises in the *Standard*. And the question is whether the *Standard* ought to stand it. We venture to think that the editor, or whoever the responsible person is, should drop a tear, like the Recording Angel, over the observations of the respectful admirer, and send him back his postal order.

Two gentlemen, not of Verona, but of Western Gardens (which appear to border on the Wild West), appear in the next advertisement. Both have observed a Lady who sat opposite, and also near the Peers' Box, in the Republican entertainment of the Hon. WILLIAM CODY. But both gentlemen do not write to the *Standard*. Perhaps only one, the dark one, is anxious to invite the Lady (with most articulate frankness) to make an appointment. Perhaps the other has advertised in some other periodical. In any case, the curious may consult the *Standard* of Friday, and later (these sighs are uttered in Thursday's *Standard*), to see whether the Lady who sat near the Peers' Box crowns the flame of the Dark Gentleman. Possibly she may remember the fate of that other lady, in the ballad, who listened to that other Dark Gentleman. She may see the Dark Gentleman pointing, like the Demon Lover, to the stage scenery of the Wild West, and may hear him exclaiming,

These are the bonny hills of Heaven,
Where you shall never win!

The very signature, Redfoot, does not inspire confidence. However, these are but literary speculations, such reflections as naturally occur to the chance spectator of adventurous living. Whether the adventurers should be allowed the run of the *Standard* is another question, to which we think there can be only one answer. How much more pure is this other "ad," "May your bed be roses and lilies be your pillow; true love never dies"! The incidental discomforts of a bed arranged on these principles are, to be sure, of no real moment. The poetry is the essence of the aspiration, which breathes the true spirit of Oriental fervour.

"THE DIFFICULTY IS ABOUT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS."

IN the course of his evidence before Mr. Justice STEPHEN'S Commission, General Sir JOHN ADYE made the following profound observation. The question under examination was the influence of our beautiful party system on the Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, and Sir JOHN ended in this way:—"I have always thought that the arrangements of Lord NORTHBROOK of 1870 were excellent in their simplicity. The War Office, as a whole, is now arranged very well. The Surveyor-General, I must say, wants, in some form, strengthening. The difficulty is about the House of Commons." Now this last sentence is in these days of very wide application. The difficulty is about the House of Commons in many things; but for the moment the matter in hand is the administration of the army, and we shall confine ourselves to applying General ADYE'S wise saying to that. No apology is needed for coming back on the Report of the Commission. It has been observed, with some truth, that Englishmen are easily frightened about the state of their army, and then are easily made to forget all about their fright. This may appear a good reason for not boring the constant reader with articles on subjects he does

not want to hear discussed; but another deduction may be drawn. It is that Englishmen ought not to be allowed to forget what it is greatly to their interest that they should remember. The Spanish Inquisitor who found in an heretical work the statement that persecution may make heresies sprout, wrote gravely on the margin, "Care must be taken that they do not sprout." The Report of the Ordnance Commission is a fortnight old; but nevertheless it must not be forgotten. Therefore it is a clear duty to "peg away" at the subject. All who can read may learn from this most admirably written document that until there is a very general agreement to give up treating the army as it is treated now, we shall go on spending from sixteen to eighteen millions a year in order to achieve a very inefficient force. It is further very clear that "the difficulty is about the House of Commons." Until it "generally gives up worshipping the Devil" no good will be done, and this being so, the duty of every patriotic man is to go forth with the Report of the Commission in his hand and persuade the people, out of a regard for its interest, to prevail upon the House of Commons, out of a regard for its seats, to stop. One good text from among many is to be found in the account of how the arrangements of Lord NORTHBROOK of 1870, in their excellent simplicity, have worked for the production of waste, muddle, and inefficiency.

Lord NORTHBROOK of 1870 (i.e. the Lord NORTHBROOK of before the Admiralty and the four millions he really could not spend) presided over a Committee which finished the task of simplifying our army administration. He cleared away the remnants of the old confusion of the days before the Crimea, and put a much neater machine in its place. The thing looks very pretty on paper, but it is hardly necessary to be a thoroughly virtuous and consistent Tory to doubt whether the change from confusion to uniformity has been an unmixed good. It looks very absurd to have a Secretary for War and a Secretary at War, to put the Militia and Yeomanry under the Home Secretary, the Commissariat under the Treasury, and to have a special officer for the Ordnance, Artillery, and Engineers. It looks far more business-like to put all these kindred departments under one head. Unfortunately as the changes were made the excellent simplicity was obtained by bringing the army under the direct and unmodified influence of party politics. The head chosen was, as a matter of course, the Secretary of State for War, and in order to give him full authority every other official connected with the administration of the army was turned into a mere cipher. He swallowed up the Secretary of War, took over the Militia and Yeomanry from the Home Office, annexed the Commissariat from the Treasury (in all of which there was no sin), and put the Master-General of the Ordnance into the waste-paper basket. Then he proceeded to act according to his kind and be a good party man, and when the Cabinet wanted money he squeezed it out of Vote 12. Perhaps enough has been said about the Secretary of State for War, and it will be more profitable to look to his department and see how the party politician can make all things like himself. There is an official, not necessarily an officer, called the Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, as everybody knows. This gentleman is, so to speak, a copy in little of the Master-General, and is a kind of supplementary secretary. It was intended that he should be a distinguished soldier, as the Master-General had commonly been, and it was supposed that he would give his superior the benefit of his professional knowledge. But see what happened. Since 1870, when the office was established, seven gentlemen have held the office, of whom only two have been soldiers of standing, two were ex-Guardsmen of good Parliamentary connexions, one of whom had been a lieutenant, and the other a captain in his regiment, and three were civilians pure and simple. It is characteristic that these are the last holders of the post. The history of the office is eloquent as to the invasion of the purely talking Parliamentary element into military administration. A soldier is taken to begin with, but within fifteen years the place begins to fall, as a matter of course, to politicians on their promotion, just like a Junior Lordship of the Treasury. In the last two years there have been three of them. Mr. NORTHCOTE, who at present fills the place which was intended to be held "by a soldier of high rank and great experience," was amiably frank as to the results of this interpretation of the scheme. He told the Committee that he does not pretend to know anything about the Ordnance; he acknowledged that he is "a Parliamentary exponent" of its affairs in the House, and,

in short, that for all professional matters he is merely a mouthpiece for his subordinates. This is to be a supplementary Secretary of State for War in the fullest sense of the word. Just as Miss HORROCK's maid behaved quite like a genteel sycophant in a real drawing-room, so the Surveyor-General of the Ordnance repeats what his subordinates tell him, and helps to cut down Vote 12 for all the world like his superior. For this business of cutting down Vote 12 is the real occupation of the Parliamentary exponents of army affairs. Vote 12 is for stores, and when the Estimates are to be cut down, the obvious resource is to squeeze this particular sponge. The Cabinet, any Cabinet, regards it much as the Nabob of Bengal did the Hindoo banker. On this point there was no difference of opinion. Lord WOLSELEY, Sir JOHN ADYE, and Mr. NORTHCOTE all said the same thing in almost the same words. It is superfluous to point out the consequences. Mr. SMITH objected to an inquiry by the Commission into the actual state of the stores for some years past, and perhaps he was right, since there is no good in telling all the world just how far we are short of the most necessary material for warlike purposes, and the truth was got at substantially without indiscretion. It is perfectly clear that, when the Egyptian muddle and the Russian war scare came upon us, there was a dearth of all kinds of stores, and then it was that inferior saddles were bought with the full knowledge that they were inferior, and that great guns which Messrs. ARMSTRONG & Co. had made under protest were sent on board HER MAJESTY'S ships, and burst in due course—that is, as soon as they were fired with a half-charge. No doubt there are "mair fules in 'the laird's ha' house than DAVIE GELLATLEY." There are bunglers in military affairs who are not Parliamentary exponents. Committees have sat and made bad rifles. Other Committees have sat to unmake them, and, after many years of great toil, they have produced among them a weapon which is not to be used. Very good, too, is the story of the regiments which reported favourably on swords. Their reports "all turn upon such matters as the conveniences or inconveniences of the sword as an article to be worn, on the way in which the top of the guard rubbed or cut the wearer's uniform, and so forth. No one seems to have thought of testing their efficiency as weapons, their power of cutting or of resisting rough usage." Still, this kind of folly would not have been possible under a War Office which was directed with competent knowledge.

It is pardonable, though a little unjust, to be impatient with the remedies suggested by the Commission. After all, the members were not called upon to report on the English party system. There is, however, no doubt at all as to the Commissioners' opinion. They introduce their recommendations with something like an apology for their subversive character, and almost defend themselves against a possible charge of aiming at the destruction of party government, but it is clear they regard that as much the less of two evils. On one condition the reforms they recommend would probably prove effectual. In substance they suggest that the War Office should be made much more like the Admiralty, which, though not by any means perfect, is the better administrative machine of the two. If the plan of the Commissioners is adopted, the various branches of the War Office will consult and act together, and the office of Surveyor-General of the Ordnance will be made what it was meant to be. But it is obvious that these changes can be of value only if Parliament is prepared to see the Secretary of State for War deprived of a good deal of his power, and to allow military considerations to overrule political and financial convenience in the future more than they have been allowed to do in the past. One suggestion they make of a less sweeping character, which, if adopted, would unquestionably do unmixed good. It is that a competent body should be empowered to decide what amount of stores ought to be kept always ready for service, and indeed what military force generally ought to be kept ready for the defence of the country. At present there is no standard up to which the War Office works. The scheme of the Commissioners would supply one, and, as they propose that it should be published and a yearly report made as to how far it has been duly executed, the country would have an infinitely better check on the administration of the army than it has had hitherto. The part of the Blue-book occupied with this plan is not the least wonderful of the whole, for it shows that the War Office has never had a distinct idea as to what its work ought to be. It has never asked itself what men would be required to defend the

country, and what stores would be required by the men. The proposal of the Commissioners will, if adopted, lead to some understanding on the subject, and supply a test for the policy of the War Office.

FIRE IN THEATRES.

THE publication in English papers of the always painful and frequently revolting details of the discoveries made in the ruins of the Paris Opéra Comique is not to be approved of as a matter of taste. If, however, it leads London theatre-goers to bethink themselves, there will be some excuse for it. There is unquestionably good reason why they should bethink themselves, for another such disaster is very possible in at least half a dozen London theatres, and in nobody knows how many provincial houses. It is probably true that London theatres are in better order than they ever were before, and that some of them are as safe as can reasonably be expected. It certainly is true that while Vienna, Brooklyn, and Paris have all suffered terrible disasters, it is necessary to go back years before coming to a fatal theatrical fire in this country. In this, as usual, our luck has done more for us than our good management. Fires have generally broken out before or after the performance. When an exception to the rule does happen, it will be a great piece of good fortune if London—or, for that matter, Liverpool or Glasgow or Edinburgh, which is rather famous for theatrical fires, by the way—has not a version of the burning of the Ring Theatre or of the Opéra Comique to show for itself.

The Opéra Comique did not perish because there was a want of knowledge as to its condition, nor even because there had been an absolute neglect to take precautions; and that only makes the warning the more instructive. The dangerous state of this and of other houses in Paris was manifest years ago. In 1881 M. ANDRIEU drew up a series of rules for making theatres safe which would undoubtedly have done much good, if it had been possible to carry them out without entailing bankruptcy on every private lessee and throwing a heavy burden on the Budget for public works for the State theatres. The regulations actually supposed to be in force in place of M. ANDRIEU's counsels of perfection have been drawn up by a Committee of engineers, architects, men of science, and *sapeurs-pompiers*—a title which one grudges to translate by the prosaic word firemen. They are less elaborate, but still they are exacting, and would entail heavy outlay if carried out. They are not carried out; and, if all tales be true, a free and judicious distribution among Government officials of tickets for first-night performances has something to do with the neglect. However that may be, the fact remains that the Paris theatres are ill provided with means of escape in case of fire, probably worse fitted than our own. The managers, it is just to remember, have not been recklessly neglectful of the safety of their clients. They have not done all the law requires, but they have done something. Iron curtains are put in, and extra doors are supposed to be ready for use in case of need. Unfortunately, these things are apt to fail at the critical moment. It is nobody's business to test whether the curtain is in good order; and accordingly, when it is tried in a moment of terror and excitement, it will not work, either because it been allowed to become rusty or because the people of the theatre lose their heads and get too hopelessly flurried to manage it. As for the extra doors, they are commonly locked, and nobody knows who has the key. The Parisian papers have not unnaturally been recommending that automatic machinery should be introduced to work the iron curtains, and open the doors. The demand is quite intelligible, for nothing seems to be more fascinating to some minds than the belief that they have got possession of some wood or iron thing which will make them independent of human stupidity and carelessness. We believe, however, that it is a mistake, and have a profound distrust of these automatic, infallible machines which cannot go wrong—until they do, which is generally at a crisis. Good machinery is, no doubt, important, and by all means let the water be accessible and abundant, the scenery not painted on inflammable material; let the electric light be used instead of gas (though a recent fire in Vienna shows it also can be dangerous), and let the doors of the house swing or run into the wall. It is also well that no obstruction of any kind should be allowed in the passages,

and that the passages themselves should always be as straight as possible. All this is very good; but the most important thing is that every theatre should have a numerous, well-chosen, and well-drilled staff of attendants, who will go to fire-quarters once a week, and can be trusted to know exactly what to do when the danger does come. It is useless to have machines without men to handle them, and doors cannot be kept open without men to watch. Badly fitted as it was, the *Opéra Comique* could hardly have been saved when once the fire caught; but it seems pretty clear that, if there had been a proper staff of attendants, the loss of life might at least have been very greatly reduced.

THE CO-OPERATIVE CONGRESS.

THE proceedings of the Co-operative Congress at Carlisle were so satisfactory to the members and so cheerful in their general tone that it is difficult to account for the small attendance of eminent friends of the movement. Mr. THOMAS HUGHES is still constant to the scheme which he has done so much to promote. Sir WILFRID LAWSON recognized the local claims of the place of meeting; and a vague statement that many leaders of the co-operative movement were present is not authenticated by a list of their names. Mrs. FALES, an American writer on co-operation, announced herself as the representative of the Sociological Society of New York and of the Co-operative Board of that Society. It would seem that her fellow-citizens are much less sanguine as to the success of co-operation than their English associates. According to Mrs. FALES, the average of individual incomes had in the United States declined by one-fourth, and the purchasing power of wages had declined ten per cent. "The wage-earner was 'worse off than he had been ten years ago.'" It has not been generally understood that the results of the American tariff had, notwithstanding its vicious character, been so disastrous; but the lady probably intended to support the principle of co-operation by denouncing the relations between private capital and hired labour. The name of a M. DE BOYVE, a delegate from the Co-operative Congress at Lyons, completes the list of attendants at the Congress who are thought worthy of special mention as supporters of the chairman, Mr. HOLYOAKE. The Congress, with the addition of local residents, numbered five or six hundred persons; and perhaps the practical managers of the business are content to remain in comparative obscurity. They have hitherto conducted their affairs with energy and success; and it is not a little remarkable that the co-operative system has, in the course of many years, not produced a single demagogue. Sir WILFRID LAWSON, who might seem to be an exception, is better known in another connexion. At Carlisle some of the speakers vigorously denounced revolutionary quacks who desire to try experiments, not at their own risk, but with the property of other people. Co-operators have never yet solicited the aid of Parliament. Mr. HOLYOAKE himself, though he has taken part in many political agitations, has never, as an advocate of co-operation, appealed to popular passion.

The statistics which formed a considerable part of the opening address must have produced a natural feeling of complacency. During the excitement of a public meeting it is scarcely possible to compare enormous sums of money with the number of those who own it in shares of various magnitude. Mr. HOLYOAKE, who was fairly entitled to boast of his fifty years of experience in co-operation, contrasted the vast capital now invested in stores and other undertakings with the few shillings which were first collected at Rochdale for the purchase and sale of provisions at prime cost. One of Mr. HOLYOAKE's figures, though it may not improbably be accurate, must have been ascertained by some extraordinary process. The statement is the more singular because it purports to illustrate the advantages, not of co-operation, but of Free-trade. According to Mr. HOLYOAKE, within a few years after the repeal of the Corn-laws every million of adult persons in England weighed ten thousand tons heavier than they did before the repeal. The alleged fact is not exactly incredible; but it would be interesting to learn when and where a million or twenty millions of persons were weighed. The orator was perhaps carried away for the moment by the current of his own eloquence. In the next sentence he stated, in illustration of another supposed fact, that "an Irish tenant 'to-day dare not improve his 'cabin' lest his landlord

"should raise his rent." When statements so reckless and so utterly untrue are made, probably in good faith, by a speaker of Mr. HOLYOAKE's ability and intelligence, it is not surprising that ignorant crowds should follow the guidance of Mr. GLADSTONE and of those who copy his mischievous virulence. It can scarcely be true that thirty or forty years ago workmen were afraid to let their employers see them well dressed, because he might probably reduce their wages in consequence; but there is perhaps no great harm in darkening shadows for the artistic or rhetorical purpose of making the lights more brilliant. The present prosperity of some at least of the Co-operative Associations scarcely needs exaggeration or emphasis.

"They now own land; they own streets of dwellings "and almost townships; they own vast and stately warehouses in Manchester, in London, in Newcastle, and in Glasgow; they own a bank whose transactions amount "to 16,000,000*l.* a year . . . they own share capital of "9,500,000*l.* in amount, and are making now for their "900,000 members more than 3,000,000*l.* of profit annually." It must have seemed to any part of the audience which heard of these great sums for the first time that all the problems of capital and labour were solved by the practical elimination of the elements of poverty and want. On further reflection some of them would discover that the 900,000 owners of the share capital are, as such, not essentially co-operators, but capitalists with average holdings of about 10*l.* each. The apparent profit of nearly one-third, or thirty per cent., is less easy to understand. In one instance, which probably may not stand alone, the co-operators have invested their money in an extraneous speculation which can scarcely in the most favourable contingencies return them five per cent. In subscribing 80,000*l.* to the Manchester Ship Canal, the Co-operative Associations have unconsciously illustrated that natural tendency of capital to separate itself from labour. If the promoters of the Ship Canal fail to raise the necessary capital, the co-operators, in common with other contributors, will have the opportunity of reconsidering their financial policy; but they will probably in that event only select some other investment. It is an excellent thing that large numbers of the less wealthy classes should have an interest in property, and also that they should have facilities for investing their money on advantageous terms; but their houses and streets in great towns are, like the Ship Canal, joint-stock property, which may either rise or fall in value. The bank with its 16,000,000*l.* of transactions may probably give a large annual return; but, if it failed, the association would be a heavy loser. The calculation of profits must be made according to some arbitrary rule. If a co-operative store buys and sells commodities at the wholesale price, its members neither gain nor lose, except by saving the profit which might otherwise accrue to shopkeepers and middlemen. The members of the society have, of course, a right to determine the application of the surplus which may thus be realized. The voluntary and gratuitous services of managers and assistants are equivalent to pecuniary gifts. They have hitherto been found sufficient for the process of distribution; but the most self-sacrificing of amateurs are incapable of competing effectually with private capitalists in productive industry.

The second meeting of the Congress was less hopeful than the first. Mr. HOLYOAKE had recalled to memory the brilliant results of the original enterprise. Sir WILFRID LAWSON, who apparently knew little of the nominal subject of his address, began by appealing to social jealousy and envious spite, and then proceeded to deliver a series of jokes, some of which were not altogether without merit. When the Congress resumed its serious business, the burning question, as it was called, of co-operative production occupied almost exclusively the attention of the delegates. It seems that a joint Committee of Co-operators and Trade-Unionists had discussed the subject without arriving at any definite conclusion. The difficulties which occur at the threshold of the enterprise have in almost all cases proved to be insuperable. The advocates of productive co-operation have never succeeded in convincing the representatives of the Unions that the interests of capital and labour could be reconciled by partially converting operatives into shareholders. The numerous cotton-mills in Lancashire which are in the hands of small investors are thought by the working class in general to aggravate competition and to lower wages. It is evidently the interest of a co-operative society, as of a firm or company of cotton-spinners, to make labour as cheap as possible; and the managers of the Unions

think that the co-operators have yielded to the temptation. Mr. A. ACLAND reported to the Congress the very moderate success which has been attained by co-operative manufactures and other forms of productive industry. Some encouragement had been "afforded by the promotion of the industrial partnership of WILLIAM THOMSON & Sons, of Huddersfield," which is probably an ordinary Company with limited liability. A proposal for the formation of a fishing society at Great Grimsby had offered prospects of success, but it "was dropped on the receipt of unsatisfactory accounts of the state of the fishing business." A cotton-spinning and manufacturing society at Burnley has been more fortunate during its first half-year. It has paid a dividend of five per cent. to capital, and as much to labour, after setting aside a sum to cover depreciation. The Committee which presents the report modestly hopes that a much greater amount of success may be achieved hereafter. A resolution moved by Mr. HUGHES, the most consistent and systematic friend of co-operation, was defeated or adjourned by a large majority. His motion affirmed the principle that the workers in a co-operative establishment ought to share in the profits, capital, and management of the works. Mr. HUGHES quoted a statement of Mr. HOLYOAKE's that there was no (official) *sic* workshop on which the sun of honest profit-share now shines. To Mr. HUGHES "the saddest thing had been the strike at Leicester of shoemakers in works which are nominally co-operative." There is some reason to suspect that other undertakings of the same kind are but nominally co-operative. One of the most interesting questions which was brought before the Congress has not yet been decided by experience. If agriculture could be conducted on principles of co-operation, it is possible that the system might be advantageous to a part of the rural population. The delegates at Carlisle, who were probably dwellers in towns, can scarcely have been able to form a safe judgment on the subject. As one of them said, they can buy land without asking Parliament for help, as great tracts of every quality are now in the market at prices unprecedentedly low. On the whole, outside observers must wait for further information before they form a competent opinion for or against the practicability of productive co-operation in country or in town.

OUR ATTITUDE TO FOREIGNERS.

IT is manifest that we shall not for some time hear the last of the ill will aroused here and there by the immigration of foreigners. For the moment the complaint is mainly against the pauper Jews from Russia and Poland, who came flying here from the brutal anti-Semitic riots of a few years ago. These are the bugbear for the day, just as the Germans have been, and before them the Scotch. The advocates of exclusion seem to forget that the hungry, laborious, and miserly Scot was in his time the object of fiercer abuse than any foreigner of them all. That agitation made its mark on English history, and left its very conspicuous traces in literature. Mr. ARNOLD WHITE, who writes to the *Times* on this subject, does not stop to remember how previous agitations have ended. Like so many other gentlemen who have an opinion to maintain in these days, he has turned to his BURKE, and his BURKE has supplied him with a quotation about a "hopeless prospect of new flights of birds of prey and passage, with appetites continually renewing for a food that is continually decreasing." The prophecy ought hardly to encourage Mr. WHITE, if he thinks of its fulfilment. It is very well to go to a great writer for his language, but it is wiser to avoid using him to show that the opinion you hold has been held before and proved by experience to be erroneous, which is precisely what this quotation does. A correspondent in the *Times* signing himself "T. W.," who would be more effective if he were less laboriously jocular, puts a very awkward question to Mr. WHITE and those who agree with him. He asks how this country, which has sent and is sending out a greater stream of emigrants than any other, and has definitively adopted a policy of Free-trade, is to begin a policy of Protection in this matter? For this is what is proposed. It is impossible to believe that it is only the immigration of paupers, in the proper sense of the word, which is complained of. On Mr. WHITE's own showing, the Russian Jews in Whitechapel are not paupers. They work and support themselves. The very wealthy community to which they belong is lavish in its charity. It

is true that they are disgustingly dirty, that they pig together, live on very little, and are content with small wages; but all this does not make them paupers. The complaint is rather that they are not paupers, but workmen who bring down wages. Mr. WHITE proposes that before these foreigners are allowed to land they should be called upon to show a small sum of money—half-a-crown, or ten shillings. If it is true, as it doubtless is, that the Jew community is angry at the proposal to exclude poor immigrants of their race, it would be easy for them to supply the necessary qualification. But, in fact, what Mr. WHITE asks for would be found in practice to amount to a policy of protection for British workmen against foreign competition, and that is a very big business.

It is not very creditable that this outcry against foreign workmen should be so loud at a time when our attitude towards foreigners with arms in their hands is not to be called pugnacious. We are asked to be very severe to the miserable Jew who comes running from fear of murder, but to be very polite to Russians or Frenchmen who may happen to be inclined to touch on our preserves. It is to be hoped that Englishmen would be asked in vain to drive the dirtiest of Jews in the most filthy of gaber-dines back to the kind of Hell-broke-loose which raged in Russia during the anti-Semitic riots. They would unquestionably prefer to see the Jewry in Whitechapel more densely packed than it is. We should greatly like to see signs that they were prepared to keep up the old practice of talking stoutly with their enemies at the gate. This, however, is by no means the tone which is adopted. Very much the reverse. When the United States takes a tone of angry menace because the Canadians insist on a strict interpretation of treaties; when Russia openly gives us to understand that it will attack us as soon as it can; when France trends on every separate toe of JOHN BULL's foot, there is little enough suggestion that they should be answered with the countercheck quarrelsome. The practice of waving the banner is not a commendable one. We do not wish to see it adopted; but there is such a thing as defending your interests firmly, and without danger. It would be hard to cite a single instance in which this has been done for many years. On the contrary, the tendency is to yield wherever yielding is possible, and where it is not to make the feeblest possible stand in an apologetic way. Towards France this is particularly the case, and with exceptionally little excuse. It is nearly useless to speak to Russia, unless for the purpose of getting professions which mean nothing and promises which are made to be broken. With France the case is very different. It would be perfectly possible, and even easy, to force on a settlement of the half-dozen irritating little squabbles we have with the French Government at this moment—to stop the underhand opposition to our occupation in Egypt, the intrusion into our colonial regions in the South Pacific, and the interference with our trade in Madagascar. The opportunity is good, and the doing of the work would remove present inconveniences and possible causes of future trouble. All that is needed is that there should be a revival of the old determination not to tolerate vexatious opposition on the part of foreigners. While Germany is Germany we are sure of at least a tacit ally, and that is a fact we are entitled to calculate on. That attitude would be a good deal more dignified, and more profitable too, than a violent hostility to waiters from Germany and cheap Jew tailors from Russia.

MR. GLADSTONE'S WELSH TOUR.

MR. GLADSTONE'S Welsh tour has begun in a manner calculated to delight his more intelligent admirers. We do not wish the least suspicion to attach to the adjective we have just used. If admiration for Mr. GLADSTONE is a legitimate sentiment at all—which it is only common politeness to take for granted—it is surely most intelligent when it centres itself on the powers in which that eminent Englishman (if he will excuse so ethnologically inexact a description of him) surpasses all his countrymen, and probably all articulate-speaking men. That these powers were displayed on the journey from Saltney Station to Swansea in a manner which must have been most gratifying to the intelligent Gladstonolater is indisputable. The two-foot rule should, to his mind, be the "only critic" of his hero's performances, as the watch was of Sir FAETUL

PLAGIARY's dramatic work; and the two-foot rule, laid along the columns of yesterday's newspapers, has to be turned over several times before it measures out the oratorical record of Mr. GLADSTONE's progress. The distinguished traveller spoke at no fewer than six different stations on his route, and we have not the least doubt that he would have spoken at many more if time had been allowed him. As it was, he addressed audiences at Wrexham, at Oswestry, at Newtown, at Llanidloes, at Rhayadr, and at Builth; and, when we consider that at the very first of these stations an address was presented to him from the inhabitants of Rhosllanerchrnog, and that, in the face of this severe blow at starting, he pursued his journey without abating a jot of heart or hope, our wonder at the extraordinary performance is increased. Not but that it would justly have merited all the admiration of the intelligent admirer without this. Mr. GLADSTONE's train left Saltney Station at 12.30 and arrived at Swansea at a little after seven—say, a journey of six hours and a half. Now we have no doubt in the world—and we believe that only partisan jealousy will affect to doubt—that within this comparatively short period of time Mr. GLADSTONE uttered a greater number of words to a greater number of human beings, divided from each other by greater intervals of space, than have ever been uttered by any other speaker within anything like the same number of minutes. Let those who deny Mr. GLADSTONE's claim to be a great statesman seriously consider the import of a fact like this; and perhaps when its true significance has dawned upon them, they may at last begin to understand how irresistible is the claim of this amazingly fluent orator, not only to the admiration, but to the confidence and obedience, of his countrymen. Let them ask themselves whether it is probable—nay, whether it is possible—that the welfare of the nation could be endangered by the policy of a man who can deliver speeches at six railway-stations in the course of less than seven hours.

So obvious does this consideration appear to us that we are almost ashamed to turn to any question so irrelevant as that of *what* Mr. GLADSTONE said at the different places referred to. That he can do so much speaking at all, at his age, entitles him to become Prime Minister again, and to be allowed to repeal the Act of Union. But so many people are insatiably curious in small matters of detail that it may perhaps be just worth while to glance at the general tenor of Mr. GLADSTONE's various speeches on his route. At Wrexham he said—or was saying when the train, started no doubt by a Tory station-master, cut short his remarks—that "Wales has not had a fair share of 'attention in former times; but in the future—'. At Oswestry he remarked that the question of Ireland "had forced itself between us and dealing with Welsh and English and Scotch business, and that if we want to 'have Welsh business properly dealt with we must 'endeavour to get the Irish difficulty out of the way.' At Newtown he told the donors of a "piece of tweed and a 'Welsh wrap for Mrs. GLADSTONE" that "the wants of 'Wales have not been sufficiently attended to"; that "the traditions of Wales have not been regarded as they ought to have been," and that "justice to Wales will follow upon justice to Ireland." At Rhayadr he said that "Wales had great interest in the recognition of the just 'local claims of the different parts of the country," as affording the best means of settling the "question in which 'she is specially interested." At Llanidloes and Builth, on the other hand, Mr. GLADSTONE, whose variety of appeal is inexhaustible, introduced the agreeable novelty of refraining from any appeal to the personal interests of the Welsh people. He claimed the support of Wales to the Separation policy on the ground that, owing to the obstinacy of England in maintaining the Union, the business of England is stopped, and the character of England disgraced in the universal opinion of "everything outside England." Among "everything" is included the "Anglo-Saxon race 'outside the Empire"—meaning thereby, first the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada, whose truly representative character in this respect is signally illustrated by the reception which Mr. O'BRIEN has met with from the Canadian people; and, secondly, that combination of indifferent and interested persons who claim to express the "public opinion" of the United States on the Irish question. Of the latter Mr. GLADSTONE said that in "that vast 'and continuously growing country you can almost count 'upon your fingers the men who do not desire that

"Home Rule should be granted to Ireland"—a statement which, even if it had been made by BRIAREUS, we should have been inclined to regard as a little bold—and he went on to add that the "Anglo-Saxon race" in America (which is known to be pure Anglo-Saxon, and to have no infusion of Irishry) desired Home Rule because, among other things, "they know the benefit of Home Rule to themselves, and 'they know that, if they were to endeavour to govern all 'America from one Parliament in Washington, instead of 'by patriotism and union in its highest form, they would 'have discontent, dissatisfaction, and sedition." With which remark, so profoundly respectful in its suggested political analogy to the knowledge and intelligence of the people of Llanidloes, we may conclude our attempt at a detailed analysis of Mr. GLADSTONE's remarks.

We are pretty sure, too, that, as a practical politician, he would himself admit that, even in the few extracts we have been able to make from his speeches, we have given the cream of them already. Appeals to the "Anglo-Saxon 'race" and to the "civilized world" are, in reality, the mere "padding" of Mr. GLADSTONE's railway-station addresses on Thursday last. To put them at their highest, they are merely the ornamental part; and we feel quite sure that their author would not have taken the trouble to go to Wales for the sake of airing these commonplaces of his oratory afresh. They may be magnificent, but they are not "business"; and, if we want to find the business part of the speeches, we must look to the thrice-repeated remark that Wales has many little matters of her own to settle, and (for this is the real point) the suggestion that, if she will continue her support to the Repeal policy, they shall be settled in a particular way. Nothing could be more innocent or legitimate in appearance, of course, than the mere form of the reference to Welsh legislative demands. What, indeed, could seem more natural than the admission that Ireland is stopping the way of all business, English, Scotch, and Welsh? or than the recognition of the fact that Wales is justified, in the interests of her own business, in promoting a particular settlement of the Irish question? But the shrewdly self-seeking people whom he was addressing were thoroughly conscious, no doubt, that the reiterated observation meant more than that. Undoubtedly, too, they must have felt the special significance of the parenthetical clause in the remark that "the special and local claims of 'Wales, whatever they may be—and that will be made 'known in good time"—will receive a "greater share of 'interest and of " &c. They know, that is to say, that Mr. GLADSTONE is tendering them one of those bribes of the kind which he has just defended from Mr. LECKY's criticism, by pointing out that he tried to buy, not one set of electors, but three. And they understood as clearly as if their visitor had said it in so many words that, if they will help him to break up the United Kingdom, they may count on him to disestablish the Welsh Church.

CONSERVATISM AND ITS ORGANIZATION.

II.

WE now propose to deal with the question of local Conservative organization; but, before doing so, we wish to refer to a matter that ought, perhaps, to have been included in our last article on this subject. It is very necessary for the encouragement of workers in the various constituencies that the thanks of the party should be expressed by its leader or leaders to the Conservatives in every Parliamentary division or borough whenever a good fight (at an election) has been made, whether with success or not. This should not be neglected, even in the case of a certain seat, if there has been a contest. Little civilities like these go a great way towards keeping up the loyalty of the rank and file of the party towards its leaders; and, as they can easily be paid, they ought never to be forgotten or neglected.

Every one will see the absolute necessity of a good local Conservative organization in each constituency. Each division or borough should have an association of its own to manage the Conservative business and registration in such division. This association must be composed of the greater number of Conservatives in the constituency, or else it will not be powerful or influential enough to prevent irresponsible bodies, such as political clubs, from each pursuing their own way about the political management of the division, and thereby introducing dissensions and divisions. This association should be recognized by the central organizing authority of the whole party, as the body which has the political control in the constituency wherein it exists. What the relations between the central authority and the local associations should be, we do not propose to consider

here, as the subject will be more in place when we deal with the central authority. In order to make the local association as comprehensive as possible, the compulsory subscription to it should never exceed some very small sum, such as one shilling per annum. And the individual members of every Conservative club within the division should be members of the association in virtue of the club as a body paying some rather larger subscription. By these means every Conservative elector, whatever his worldly position may be, will be enabled to be a member of the Conservative association for his division or borough.

However well an association may be organized, it is impossible that it should be aware of and in communication with every Conservative in the division, unless each individual member of such association will assist its work in a private capacity by reporting the arrival of any newcomer into the division whenever such may come under his notice. This is more especially necessary in London and the large towns, as in the country and small boroughs everybody makes a point of knowing all about his neighbours, and thus a great part of the difficulty of obtaining such information is removed. Conservatives are too apt to think that the only time when they are wanted to work for their party is during an election, but although work at this time is most valuable, no amount of it will make up for idleness between whiles. The greater portion of the information about voters that is required at an election must be obtained beforehand, so as to be ready at hand when wanted, as such information takes a long time to collect. Some people also seem to think that the local organization of their party is too unimportant for them to take an interest in, and thus it is sometimes left in the hands of the very people who ought not to have the control of it—namely, those who have nothing else to do, and who have had no training to fit them for transacting business. When this is the case the organization is likely to become a Caucus, and the controllers of it think they can dictate exactly what they please to the Conservatives in the division, and then at the next election comes a split in the party, as nothing is resented more by Conservatives than anything in the shape of dictation.

If Conservatives would only realize the importance of being properly organized, they would be more energetic in inducing their friends to join the association to which they ought to belong, and thus materially strengthen its efficiency and benefit their party.

The apathy of many Conservatives is shown by the indignant letters that are sometimes written to the newspapers by persons who complain that they have been two or three years in a Parliamentary division or borough and have never heard of the association therein, or have been unable to find out where it has its offices. In the greater number of these cases it is not the association which is to blame but the people who write these letters, for it generally turns out that the writers have not made any serious efforts to obtain the knowledge they desire. If every Conservative when he moves into a Parliamentary division would make inquiries in such place as to what political association, or club, or Primrose League Habitation exists there, without waiting to be found out by them, he would soon be directed to the association to which he ought to belong. By doing this he will save the association much trouble and expense.

The most important duty of an association is to see that all Conservatives who are entitled to vote are put on the Register of Voters for their division, and that the opposite party do not put on as voters men who are not qualified. A certain amount of the work of obtaining information for this purpose can be done by paid canvassers, but a large portion must be done by volunteers from the association. These latter would be saved much trouble if every Conservative who changes his residence, or becomes qualified to vote in a new Parliamentary division, would send notice of the fact to the association in that place. It should be needless to point out that no effective organization can be carried on without money, and that this can only be obtained by the richer Conservatives subscribing liberally to the local organization of their party.

Every Conservative association to be really useful must have a good registration agent, who should also be its secretary, and who should be able to devote the greater portion, if not the whole, of his time to the work. He must, therefore, be well paid; and this and the rent of offices are two of the chief expenses of an association. On the tact of the registration agent depends in a great measure the efficiency of the organization; for he is the person to whom everybody applies for information, and therefore he must keep himself thoroughly acquainted with what is going on in the constituency. On him falls the duty of smoothing any little difficulty that may arise between members of the association, and he is really responsible for the details of organization. It would occupy too much space to consider more fully at present the duties of a registration agent; but there is one suggestion we would venture, and this is, that it is as a rule unadvisable for a Parliamentary candidate to appoint the registration agent of his constituency as his election agent; the latter often has to do things which may offend some electors, while a registration agent should never, if possible, offend any man. Besides this, since the Corrupt Practices Act has come into force, it is very difficult for a man who holds both positions to say what he has done, or what money he has spent for registration and what for election purposes.

Every Parliamentary division or borough should be divided by its Conservative association into districts, and each of these

should have a committee, to manage the details of its own work. Such committee should be appointed by the members of the association who reside within the district, and should, while carrying on the work in its own way, yet be under the control of the association.

The ordinary business and management of the funds of the association should be left in the hands of a committee or council of its members, who should be appointed yearly, but subject, of course, to the control of a general meeting of the association. Each district should send representatives to this committee, which should not be larger than is necessary to ensure its being of a thoroughly representative character. The smaller this body is the better will its work be done. Where a large body of men are collected to transact business much time is necessarily wasted in talk; and, as many of the members who compose a committee such as we have described are men who have plenty of other work to do, the less time that is wasted the more likely are they to attend its meetings. Space forbids us further to pursue at present the question of the internal organization of local associations. In the preceding remarks we have only striven to give a few heads of what is necessary for the wellbeing of such organizations.

Besides the association, Conservatives in any place should encourage, *inter alia*, working-men's clubs. By means of these it is possible to give a great amount of political education, and to make working-men feel that they and those who are in a better worldly position have common interests, and are working together for one object. The working-man of the present day is desirous of learning more about politics and of being able to give a reason for his views. At the same time it is often difficult for him to obtain such information. He has to work hard all day, and cannot afford to buy newspapers; he likes, therefore, to be able to read these, and to be politically instructed, in the evening, and this he can do with comfort if he be a member of such a club. Not only do these clubs do good in this manner, but they are a wonderful help at the time of an election, because the election-agent knows that he can always obtain some good workers from among their members, and also knows where to find them. It must always be borne in mind, however, that, unless these bodies work in harmony and under the guidance of the association in their division or borough, they are as likely to do harm as good to their party. We must leave the further consideration of our subject for another article.

SKETCHES FOR TESTIMONIALS.

MANY people have doubtless seen this pleasing passage in Thursday's newspapers:—"Mr. Richard M. Walters sailed in the *Germanic* to-day with a testimonial to be presented to Mr. Gladstone on behalf of his American admirers. The testimonial is of sterling silver, three feet in height and twenty-two inches wide. The centre is square and ornamented as follows: In the centre are the words 'Home Rule' in the shape of a horseshoe, resting upon a pair of scales. Around this is the inscription 'William Ewart Gladstone, a Testimonial presented by his American Admirers.' All this is on a background of Celtic ornament. On one side of the centrepiece is a female figure holding a harp, and offering a garland of shamrocks to the bust of Mr. Gladstone, which is on the top. On the base is a lamp of learning, and over this is the coat of arms of Christchurch, Oxford, with 'Double First' over it, alluding to Mr. Gladstone's degree. Shamrocks and stars are to be seen everywhere, and Mr. Gladstone's coat of arms is displayed in front. The cost was 5,000 dollars." Now we have no intention of dwelling at any length on the "symbols of emblems," as an Irish print once put it, which decorate this work of art. Mr. Gladstone is no doubt to be sincerely and without party feeling commiserated on its possession from the merely artistic point of view; for the efforts of the modern silversmith in this line are generally terrible, and silver is such a drag in the market that even the *poide brut* will not be a great addition to the treasures of Hawarden. It would be easy, of course, to be pleasant on the little details. Home Rule has certainly not hitherto brought Mr. Gladstone luck, so that "in the shape of a horseshoe" seems a mistake; and the "pair of scales" may unpleasantly suggest those which have fallen from the eyes of Mr. Bright and others of Mr. Gladstone's quondam admirers, as per Birmingham meeting of Wednesday last. The "background of Celtic ornament" is vague, and leaves us to choose between torcs and crosses, on the one hand, and surgeons' knives and dynamite cakes on the other. We are afraid that to "offer a garland to a bust" savours of idolatrous practice, and we should much like to know how a "lamp of learning" differs emblematically from other lamps. It is hard on Christchurch to appear, but the House must console itself with the filial satisfaction that it has saved Oxford generally from the same degradation. Probably the reason why the University is spared is that *Dominus Illuminatio Mea* might have been awkward. The enemy might have translated it "The Lord gave me light to reject Mr. Gladstone." Shamrocks and stars are matters of course, but there is, again, a dangerous *équivoque* in "Double First." The Home Rule turn-about was, we can assure Mr. Gladstone's American admirers, not his first double; he has been executing that manoeuvre for a great many years.

But let all this pass; and may Mr. Gladstone's shamrocks have a happier fate than Colonel Newcome's palm-tree. We could,

indeed, draw out a design which would, as we think, be a little more suitable to the subject, and the genius of American silver-sculpting would find more opening in that design than in the rather commonplace stars and shamrocks and female figures and lamps of learning of the American admirers. But what we are chiefly meditating at present is the extreme injustice of the proceeding which gives Mr. Gladstone some three feet by two of the virgin produce of the mines of Nevada, and leaves his followers and lieutenants without any kind of testimonial. This is not just in itself, and it is contrary to the best precedents. When a team wins in rowing or shooting or other competition, the leader may have the big cup, but the others usually have medals or other consolations, and so should it be in this case. Mr. Morley, Sir William Harcourt, Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. Labouchere, and the rest cannot of course expect to have five thousand dollars worth. The captain must be testimonialled not only before, but more largely than, the lieutenant and the ancient and the sergeants and corporals. Yet should not these lack their reward, especially because it would be very easy to assign to each an appropriate gift at no extravagant trouble or cost. The two first-named only, with Sir George as a possible third, could expect camels, if we may speak metaphorically; but a neat selection of minor objects could be easily arranged for the rest after the plan of that agreeable old lady (was it not in the *Fairchild Family*?) who used to keep a cupboard full of presents artfully adapted to the tastes and characters of the little masters and misses who visited her. We have, indeed, reason to believe that something of the kind is, if not on its way, in contemplation, and that the following describes with fair accuracy the principal articles.

The object intended for Sir William Harcourt is not of silver, but of brass—the first cost of material making, it is known, very little difference in the value of works of art, and the substance seeming more suitable for the purpose. It is a statue of considerable size representing the great goddess Ananida, whose attributes, being little particularized by the mythologists, have given much scope to the sculptor's ingenuity and his knowledge of the events of recent times. The goddess has her face upturned with an expression of scorn, and is pointing to a scroll inscribed "that rubbish from the *Times*." On the pedestal appear four bas-reliefs. The first exhibits Sir William Harcourt in the House of Commons arguing for the Crimes Bill of five years ago; before him are howling and gesticulating Irish members. The second represents Sir William Harcourt in his private room at the Home Office. He is receiving the report of a detective with an anxious look, and is motioning feverishly with one hand, as one who should say "Take away that object"—the object being a common black bag, which has been brought for his inspection. The third, again, has the House of Commons for scene. Sir William is again speaking, and the same faces of Irish members appear, but this time they are vehemently applauding or wear an aspect of satisfied approval. The Speaker, who has just called Sir William to order, sits in his chair with an expression of resignation. The fourth exhibits a private, but this time not an official, apartment—Sir William, with the last instalment of the "rubbish from the *Times*" in his hand, is laughing comfortably at the idea of knives and dynamite. The "second footman," an historical character, appears laden with bouquets tied with green ribbon, which he has just received from the equally historical "under-housemaid" at the door.

Mr. Morley's offering is pictorial, not sculptural, and in the allegoric style. It is, however, a moot point with those American critics who have seen the work whether Mr. Morley will be altogether pleased with it. The artist—a man of reading—has taken from the works of Oliver Goldsmith the striking tale of "Asem, the Man-hater," and that part of it where Asem, under the conduct of the Genius, reaches the country of the Men without Vice. Here, as will be remembered, "they had scarcely left the confines of the wood when they beheld one of the inhabitants flying, with hasty steps and terror in his countenance, from an army of squirrels, which closely pursued him." The application to the theory that "we must not be guilty of tyranny and injustice" to the Irish in order that we may "enjoy the world ourselves" is held to be rather obscure and uncertain, for it is justly judged that Goldsmith intended the opposite moral. But still it is admitted that the flying man (whose features strikingly resemble Mr. Morley's) is carrying out the principle on which Mr. Morley advocates the grant of Home Rule—that of a mixture of principle and fear—very exactly; and it is thought by some of his American admirers that he is too logical to object to the consecration of his idea by the gifted pencil of the Western Raphael.

The testimonial to Sir George Trevelyan (which is yet in study only, for it is but recently that Sir George has seemed to deserve it) may finally take form either on canvas or in bas-relief. It also is allegorical, but more in the genre of the "Melencolia," or rather of Hogarth's celebrated fancy of the end of the world. The central figure (which catches a difficult situation with remarkable verve) represents Sir George as attempting to sit upon two stools, and, in a violent effort to save himself from the consequence, clutching at a rickety article of furniture labelled Gladstonianism. There is no regular background, but vignettied figures and groups of objects fill the rest of the picture. High on the right is a weathercock, with the usual fixed appendage indicating the points of the compass all twisted, bent, and broken. Between this and the central figure is a map of Asia Minor, with LAODICEA standing out in large capitals. The rest of the right-hand compartment is unfilled, but the left contains a kind of

ladder or storied arrangement of scenes, separated from each other by Renaissance borders of great merit. The patriarch Reuben, "unstable as water," heads it. Then come Dante and Virgil passing by Pope Celestine; then neighbour Pliable "getting out of the slough on that side which was next his own house." But this work, as we have said, is unfinished.

The others must be given more briefly:—

Mr. Conybeare: A very curious object, also in silver, supposed to be the original casket opened by the Prince of Arragon and given to one of the Pilgrim Fathers in his unregenerate days by Mr. William Shakespeare. The contents are identical, but the verses are slightly altered so as to fit a representative of the democracy instead of a suitor to a young lady.

Dr. Tanner: A copy of the works of that preacher who, according to Fuller, was apt "to pronounce the word *dama* with such solemnity as left an echo thereof in his hearers' ears for a good while longer."

Mr. Labouchere: A collection of the various writers *De Veritate*, a large gallery picture representing the Irish members in the character of Christian martyrs, and a dozen of "claret" from the celebrated vineyard of Clos Vougeot.

Mr. Parnell: An example of his own writing, conveniently arranged for carrying about in the pocket so that he may not forget it again when he sees it.

The Eighty Club: A table of laws with the articles of the orthodox Liberal programme smeared out and this written over them—"Thou shalt worship Mr. Gladstone and him only shalt thou serve."

The Nonconformist ministers who signed a certain document the other day: A similar table inscribed similarly, but with the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount supplying the place of the orthodox Liberal programme.

The Irish members generally: Pattern and price of the amputating knives used on a famous occasion, with the brave little woman's best wishes.

Mr. Osborne Morgan: A copy of a certain election address issued by his agents on the eve of the 1885 election, neatly made up for swallowing.

Any Gladstonian member (except Mr. Morley and a few others): A copy of all his own words on Home Rule up to last Christmas twelvemonth, similarly adjusted.

If any distinguished Gladstonian feels aggrieved at being omitted, he has only to apply in the proper quarter. The generosity of the American people is boundless.

SPEED.

"ARE you in a hurry?" "I am—in a great hurry!" "Then wait till the hurry goes over you." So says Paddy-go-Aisy, as though haste were a fever-fit or a *fièvre brevis*. And he has plenty to help him in doing as little as can be helped. *Chi va piano va sano*: Fair-and-easy goes far in a day; the longest way round is the shortest way home, and so on. But the old sense of speed is success, and that is clearly its purport in "the more haste the worse speed." Evil speed was a common middle-English expression, meaning ill-success—for success meant the issue, whether good or bad—and probably explains the old curse, "Bad cess to you!" The radical origin of speed, too, seems to be in the direction of extending, increasing, doing well, having room. There could not well be a more striking illustration of these last phases of the word than 1830 Groombridge tearing headlong through space at the rate of 200 miles in a second. Quite a seventh-rate star too, although the best on record so far. It is a speed which goes as much beyond the grasp of imagination as it outstrips the swiftness of our nerve-messages, which only do a trifle of the twelfth of a mile in the same time. The only way to get some idea of No. 1830's gait of going is to go to work somewhat thus. The fastest running now made by English railways is perhaps the Great Northern's 105 miles in from Grantham in 118 minutes; but trains have been driven 100 miles an hour. Double it, and we cover in an hour what this particular but by no means bright star does in a second. Then we must multiply the 200-miles-an-hour velocity by 60, and then again increase that sixtyfold more before we come up with 1830 Groombridge. He goes 988 times as fast as sound, 865 times faster than a poor Martini-Henry bullet, and can give the sun (in his journey towards Hercules) 195 miles a second, and lick easily. One begins to feel sorry for the sun-worshippers. So far as can be judged—which is not far—1830 is not moving in any orbit, but going right away to parts unknown. It is a runaway, in fact, flying on a boundless course through infinite space, with such a momentum that the attraction of all the stellar universe we can see with the biggest telescope has no effect upon it. And if it has always been going on like that, it must have come from somewhere else altogether, and have nothing whatever to do with the mass of stars within our constant ken. Is it some Lucifer from another and a worse world, falling, falling from his high estate, never to hope again?

It is a relief after this to think of something slow, such as a French "express," or the creeping of the blood-corpuscles through the capillaries of the retina, where they give those curious spectres that at times annoy good sight; it takes them an hour to move a foot. Snails are racehorses to this, doing six good long paces in the same time. Burckhardt's best camels of the Hedjaz took ten

hours to cover 111 miles. After all is said and done, lost or won, the speed of "the Boat-race" is but some thirteen miles an hour; a common house-fly in its sauntering flight goes a third faster. A drop of rain falls at the rate of 12 yards a second, and a man can throw a stone at the rate of about 36 miles an hour. As quick as thought is a well-worn old saying; but that may mean but a jog-trot old gait too—witness the legendary Scot who was told a joke in the coach at Berwick, and when he got to Nottingham slapped his leg in triumph, and said, "I ha'e it noo!" At the rate of a hunt was a phrase of our poor fathers, generally used in a bad sense, though, of things that were going wrong. But what can a horse do, after all?—some forty miles an hour for short distances; and such names as Eclipse and Flying Childers were given before the Scotch Limited or the Wild Irishman were dreamt of. The reputation of the horse has become barbarian within this Jubilee half-century, and similar names for him can be traced back into the night of Chinese history, when King Mu, 2888 years ago, had a team so swift that they were called Earth-quitter, Wing-flapper; Fog-runner, because he coursed in the dark mist through everything, like an Atlantic liner; Shadow-catcher, Light-beater, Wing-flanked, and Cloud-climber, which give the idea of Pegasus and the Enchanted Horse of the Thousand and One.

A greyhound can go at the rate of about 57 miles an hour. Four carrier-pigeons of Count Karolyi's flew from Pesth to Paris in 1884 at the rate of 114 miles an hour, kept up for seven hours; but swallows are computed to do 150, and swifts as much as 200. Ariel, who rode upon the curled clouds and drank the air before him, might be mentioned here; and that—perhaps it was no more than a threat, of putting a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes, was dangerously near the later-discovered crime of disrespect to the Equator, which takes 24 hours, at 1,040 miles an hour, to every turn. In a very high old astrological time the brag might have brought that "trickster spirit" within the blasphemy laws. Tides do not give landlubbers, or sailors either, a very high notion of speed, but Whewell has calculated that in the North Pacific the tide-commotion travels at the considerable rate of 1,800 miles an hour, while a surface tempest-wave moves but 50. But the commotion of a proper earthquake, like that of Grenada, in December 1884, beats the tides hollow; the shock reached Greenwich in 7 minutes, being some 8,840 miles an hour. An American ice-yacht will skim along at 70 miles an hour, just beating the eagle and the packages in the post-office pneumatic tubes. The Connecticut cyclone of 1882 did 260 miles an hour easy. Our present polar star is by no means as steady as its reputation, for it has a very rapid motion of its own, equal to some 50 miles a minute. Sound, which travels but some 1,106 feet in a second through temperate air, is sent along 18 times as fast as that, or about four miles a second, through white pine timber. The fine old-fashioned house-ghost was not much of a gadabout, being of a domestic and even mopish turn, and we do not know what the usual speed of a brand-new spook is, but it can scarcely exceed that. If we only admit that the builder of a row of houses, or of a big country-house, puts, accidentally or of purpose, the timbers of one room or dwelling end-on to those of another, the "noises" of a haunted house would be easily explained by the superior ability shown by a deal scantling for conveying sound from a distance, and many an innocent poor spook would be let off free.

It is not quite modest to speak about ourselves in all this wonderful company; but modesty, after all, is but a secondary quality, and we are indubitably, each one of us, *volens volens*, waltzing round the sun at the rate of 18 miles a second. This leads again to 1830 Groombridge, who, so far as the observations of astronomers have yet gone, yields only to comets; Halley's, when near the sun, going 37 miles further in the second. But the big comet of 1843 beat that considerably, reaching a speed of 325 miles a second. Passing by solar eruptions, greater speed must be sought in far more tenuous essences. The electric current in an overhead wire travels some 22,500 miles in a second of time, and still, like "Speed, servant to Valentine," it is "chidden for being too slow." The electric light seems to our instruments just to beat that of the sun—the drum in the old song says "I doubt it"—flashing 188,000 miles in a second, and the greatest velocity ever measured by crawling man is that of the electric discharge of a Leyden bottle through a slender copper wire, which was computed to be 289,000 miles a second. But what is the effect of such figures on the apprehension? How much more graphic is one of the earlier flights of American humour, which some thirty years ago described the speed of the first "cars" out West. Was it penned, one might wonder, "to satisfy the craving for speed" *per se* which, we were lately informed, is the "object of the [American] journalist's highest ambition"?

We got bells; but the train ran so 'tarnal fast it kept ahead of the sound. Tried steam-whistles. I was on a locomotive then; hurricanes were nowhar, and I had to hold my hair on. We saw a two-horse waggon crossing the track about five miles ahead. The engineer let the whistle on, swearing like a trooper. Next thing I knew was picking myself out of a pond among fragments of the locomotive, the horses, the waggon, and the engineer. Just then the whistle came up, and the engineer's oaths along with 'em. Poor fellow! he died before his voice got to him. Next we tried lights, and got some so powerful that the chickens woke up all along the road, thinking it was daytime, and the inhabitants petitioned against it; they couldn't stand so much light. But the locomotive still kept ahead in the dark, with the light close on behind.

It is not a bad proof of the eternal decay and renewal of things that these tall passages revive the name of one of King Mu's coursers.

LOUIS XI.

THE revival of *Louis XI.* at the Lyceum follows appropriately enough on that of *The Merchant of Venice*. If the parts of the vindictive Jew and the crafty King have the disadvantage of too closely resembling each other in their prevailing sombre cast, this very circumstance of similarity is, on the other hand, well calculated to bring out Mr. Irving's discriminating and individualizing power. In the hands of an actor of any but the highest quality, one bad old man is usually very like another, or at any rate is distinguished from him only by some such obvious line of demarcation as that which divides violence from guile. Further than this, there is often no attempt at a more highly specialized classification, or little success in the attempt if it is made. The wicked old man is simply Age and Wickedness personified. His other qualities, of which even the wickedest man has much the same assortment as other people—his folly or wisdom, courage or cowardice, irascibility or self-command, gloom or gaiety—are but vaguely and indistinctly set before us. Mr. Irving's impersonations, whatever we may think of the conception of character on which they are founded, never fail to put before us the whole man; and in *Louis XI.*—even the *Louis* of M. Casimir Delavigne—he has to deal with a personality sufficiently complex and interesting to put him thoroughly on his mettle. The historic faults of M. Delavigne's sinister portrait are, no doubt, numerous and serious enough. It is simply Scott's portrait "gone over" with a coarse brush and a heavy hand, the shadows in particular being darkened to an almost grotesque depth. The cunning, the meanness, the ambition, the cowardice, the cold cruelty, the measureless duplicity, the gross superstition of the French dramatist's *Louis* are to be found in Sir Walter's also; but they do not in the latter, as in the former, case make up the whole picture. We are made to feel something of the intellectual stature, the force of will, and the fertility of resource of the statesman-sovereign who shattered the power of the great feudatories and built up the French monarchy on its ruins. No trace of these qualities seems to have presented itself to the analysis of M. Delavigne, whose mind was certainly not of a highly poetic order, though it is hardly fair to cite Gautier's oft-quoted gibe against him without making some allowance for the humorous exaggeration in which the latter was fond of indulging with respect to the dramatist's demerits. It is said that on one occasion, when Gustave Flaubert, in conversation with Gautier, delivered himself of a criticism on Delavigne, which began in almost eulogistic terms and only became depreciatory towards the close, Gautier, who had caught up a dinner-knife at the commencement of the sentence, flung it down with a sigh of relief at its conclusion, and exclaimed solemnly, "Flaubert, tu as failli mourir!" We may freely admit that *Louis XI.* contains no such entrancing artistic beauty as to tempt one to admiration at the risk of life, but the play has nevertheless some merit of the melodramatic sort, and the character of the King, considered as a study of many varieties of evil passions, is one of which a good deal may be made by a powerful actor.

To an actor of Mr. Irving's peculiar gifts, and with that command of broad melodramatic effects which he has shown to be quite compatible with the higher order of tragic power, the part affords unique opportunities. His treatment of it is too familiar to the public to require detailed description on this occasion. All that need be done is to note briefly the salient points in his performance, and to compare it in respect of these with his original presentment of the part. It has lost no whit of its pristine force and fascination during the nine years that have elapsed since playgoers first made its acquaintance, while, like other of Mr. Irving's impersonations, it has gained generally in symmetry, consistency, and balance with the maturing of his art. Its quality of picturesqueness remains as remarkable as ever. We doubt whether the arts of facial disguise and simulation can ever have been carried to a higher pitch than they are in this actor's assumption of the outward semblance of old age and decrepitude, greed and selfishness, timidity and suspicion, incessant bodily and mental suffering. "I have known him," says De Comines of *Louis*, "and been his servant in the flower of his age, and in the time of his greatest prosperity; but never did I see him without uneasiness and care. Of all amusements he loved only the chase and hawking in its season; and in these he had almost as much uneasiness as pleasure, for he rode hard and got up early, and sometimes went a great way and regarded no weather, so that he used to return very weary and almost ever in wrath with some one. I think that from childhood he never had any respite of labour and trouble to his death." Sixty years of such a life as this, to say nothing of a burden of remorse and superstitious terror added to that of unrespected toil, would leave deep traces on any human face; and every evil furrow of the worn and wasted visage which Mr. Irving shows us is eloquent of this history of a tragic past. His acting, the contribution of speech and gesture to facial expression, is as masterly as ever in the ease, naturalness, and rapidity of its constant changes of mood. Nor should it pass without special praise for the reserve and moderation with which the actor tones down some of M. Delavigne's more stagy points, such as that well-known one of *Louis*'s pausing in his murderous instructions to Tristan to mumble prayers at the sound of the "Angelus." Just enough, too, and no more than enough, stress was laid on that other and much more genuinely impressive, because less obviously premeditated piece of "business," the King's horrible carers of the headman's

cheek in his satisfaction at finding that his deadly wishes are understood. It is, moreover, no more than just to Mr. Irving to observe that he makes the most of the slender opportunities with which M. Delavigne has provided him for bringing the more human side of the King's character into view, and emphasizing such worthy and dignified traits as it possessed. Thus the sudden emotion of paternal pride with which he embraces the Dauphin on his prompt response to the challenge of Nemours receives due prominence, as also does the majesty of word and gesture with which Louis interposes between his angry nobles and the defiant Burgundian envoy. Such passages, however, only make us wish that the French dramatist's conception of his hero had been more adequate, and that the actor had been allowed more scope for the delineation of the greater qualities of the sovereign—some such opportunity, for instance, as Scott, if more closely followed by M. Delavigne, would have supplied him with in the finely dramatic scene between Louis and Charles the Bold in the castle of Peronne when they hear the tidings of the Bishop of Liège's murder. The legitimacy of the art displayed by Mr. Irving in the King's death-scene did not pass unquestioned on the original production of the play; and the scene is still open, in our opinion, to the charge of being unduly prolonged. Otherwise, however, and assuming that the actual physical phenomena of death may ever be legitimately simulated on the stage, we do not think that exception can be reasonably taken to it. After all, the true test of the artistic propriety of such a scene lies in the question whether the morally impressive element in it is stronger than the physically painful. And we do not see how any spectator who uses his mind as well as his eyes can doubt that in this case the question is satisfactorily answered. The spiritual throes of that dread departure redeem from mere ghastliness the corporeal agony which accompanies them; and when the soul, about to "enter naked, all unkinged, into the pale kingdoms," catches for a last moment at its robe of earthly royalty, and forces the sinking body into an erect posture to "command" the intercessory prayers which it had just been beseeching, the point of tragic grandeur is undoubtedly reached.

The minor characters in *Louis XI.* are, with one exception—that of the Duke de Nemours—of a very minor order indeed. To the part of the Duke Mr. Alexander brings every qualification of romantic appearance and chivalrous bearing, and delivers the words set down for him with all the requisite force. That the words themselves are sometimes bombast, and that De Nemours, like many of M. Delavigne's characters, doth something smack of the "Old Coburg" Theatre, is no fault of Mr. Alexander's. The same remark applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to the truculent and sepulchral Tristan l'Ermite of Mr. Tyars, and to the physician, Coitier, played by Mr. Wenman. Mr. Archer, on the other hand, deserves special credit for being able to dispense with this indulgence. His Oliver le Dain was less redolent of the footlights, and more like what we may suppose Louis's barber-Minister to have been in the flesh. The "love interest" of the play is exceedingly slight and feeble, but the most was made of it by the always graceful and intelligent acting of Miss Winifred Emery as Marie de Comines.

HUNT STEEPLECHASES.

THERE is now scarcely a hunt in England which has not its steeplechases; not the old-fashioned point to point race, in which members of the hunt rode their own hunters for four miles across country, but a regular meeting, with half a dozen races. The multiplication of these meetings has produced the Grand National Hunt Rules, and though there are still some hunt steeplechases not held under them, they are altogether the exception. In no long time such meetings will quite cease, for if those who ride at them are not to be allowed to ride at those under Grand National Rules, there will be an end of meetings not held under established regulations. As hunt steeplechases have now become the regular and orthodox end of the hunting season, there can be no question that it is best that they should all be held under well-recognized rules.

It is quite certain that one of the things which makes hunting popular among those who are not actual riders to hounds is the annual hunt-meeting. In a quiet country district it is one of the events of the year; and it is looked forward to by the most diverse classes. It forms an excuse for country-house parties among one class, for a day's pleasuring among another. The local tradesman and the farmer get as much enjoyment from it as the neighbouring squire; and every young fellow who can ride a little above the average considers it as the best opportunity which he has of gratifying his ambition, and of showing the world—for it is his world that gazes on him in the saddle—what he can do across-country. Those who are in the habit of organizing these matters have, shrewdly enough, recognized the value which farmers set on these races, and in every well-arranged hunt-meeting the majority of races should be open only to farmers. There are also in every district a few very sporting and semi-racing men who look on the hunt-meeting from altogether a different standpoint. They regard it as an opportunity to be utilized, if possible, for putting thirty or forty or more pounds in their pocket. Long before the date of the hunt-meeting is fixed, such a person has been planning how he can secure a prize. He has very likely invested in rather a weedy thorough-

bred which he has from time to time taken out with the hounds. To say that he has hunted him is scarcely correct. He has jumped him over a few fences, and given him a mild gallop, and then carefully taken him back to the stables. When this has been repeated for a few times the horse is a hunter, and so is qualified to enter for a race open to hunters which have been regularly ridden with Mr. A.'s or Mr. B.'s pack. The animal, as the time of the hunt-meeting draws near, is put through a course of amateur training. In many cases the hunt races fall to this class of horse and not to the genuine hunter who has been regularly ridden all through the season. This is more especially the case in what are called "unfashionable" counties, where the ordinary hunter is a good sound half-bred horse, who is not a first-rate steeplechaser. When the scene shifts to the shires, or to the Vale of Aylesbury, this is not so much the case. The first-class middle-weight hunter of the Vale or Northamptonshire is, if not altogether a thoroughbred horse, yet in nearly every case almost thoroughbred. Consequently he is fast and a good fencer, and thus a horse of this character may well be able to win a steeplechase, provided he has not been overdone in the hunting-field. But even here, again, the all-round hunter is apt to go to the wall. A man with half a dozen horses will prefer the pleasant-going horse to the puller who may in his way be fast and bold. It is likely enough that the latter is then kept in hand for the hunt steeplechases, and is hardly ridden out hunting except to qualify. The other five horses may be just as good between the flags as he is, but being pleasant hunters they are not allowed to show what they can do in the way of racing. Thus it must be admitted that hunt steeplechases do next to nothing for the breed of horses, and are in many cases not won by the best hunters, or even by horses which have really been regularly hunted.

Again, in connexion with hunt steeplechases the races for maiden hunters—those which have never won a prize—are a difficulty. There is no doubt that horses are over and over again unintentionally entered as maidens, though they have actually won steeplechases, and the more numerous steeplechase meetings become, the more impossible it will be to prevent this from taking place. A man buys a horse at the beginning of the season from some one whom just before the hunt-meeting he refers to, and, as the latter states the horse never won a steeplechase whilst in his possession, the owner forthwith enters him as a maiden. A previous owner has very likely in some other part of England raced the horse and won; the horse is sold, renamed by his new owner, again passes into other hands, and may in the most *bona fide* manner be entered as a maiden. It would seem to us very doubtful, indeed, if it is worth while at hunt-meetings to go through the farce—for such it often is—of calling a race one for maiden hunters. Be that as it may, of the popularity of hunt-meetings there can be no question. They are now in full swing. When the number of men who ride in them are borne in mind, it must be admitted that the Englishman of to-day shows no deterioration in the saddle. For there are certainly more capable riders now than there were twenty years ago. It is no child's play to ride in a steeplechase across three miles of fair hunting country, and all over England men are now doing this, and, though in some races there may be some rather curious exhibitions of horsemanship, the average riding in hunt-meetings is distinctly good. That a hunt-meeting gives unalloyed pleasure to large numbers of every class there can be no doubt, and when well managed and with prizes of moderate value it is a genuine and healthy piece of sport.

OPERA.

THE first appearance of Mme. Albani this season was in the part of Margherita, and she was supported by an admirable cast. Mme. Albani's conception of the heroine of this opera differs very little from that of Mme. Carvalho's, upon which it was originally modelled. Being in excellent voice, she sang the famous "Jewel Song" with her wonted skill, introducing her high notes with excellent effect. She was, as usual, not sufficiently dramatic in the Cathedral scene, but made up for this deficiency by her rapturous singing of the fine duet which closes the opera. Mme. Scalchi was Siebel, and in "Le Parlate d'Amor" displayed her magnificent contralto voice to perfection. Signor Gayarre's Faust is an uneven performance, but his *piano pianissimo* singing is charming, and he sang "Salvi Dimora" well. M. Lorrain showed that he could both sing and act with credit to himself. M. Devoyod sang and acted magnificently as Valentino.

Miss Ella Russell made a decided step forward in the right direction as Dinorah on Tuesday evening. She was in excellent voice, and sang the sympathetic music of Meyerbeer's essentially pastoral opera delightfully. The exceeding brilliance of her rendering of "Ombra leggiera" was rewarded by the large audience with most enthusiastic applause. Signor d'Andrade's fine voice and good method enabled him to make much of the part of Hoel. Why Mme. Scalchi should step out of the picture, so to speak, and sing the "Shepherd's Song" over the footlights, as at a concert, instead of to her companions on the stage, is a mystery all the more difficult to explain when one remembers what an experienced artist she is. Miss Russell will appear next week as Mathilde in *Guglielmo Tell*, and M. Devoyod will sing the part of the legendary Swiss hero.

The chief event of the past week at Drury Lane has been the debut of Miss Amelia Groll, a young American lady of German

origin. She appeared on Saturday afternoon as Margherita in the English version of *Faust*. She has a fine voice of exceptionally even quality, the high notes sweet and clear, the middle register a little harsh, and the lower full and clear. She is a pupil of Mme. Marchesi, and knows how to sing, although her inexperience of the stage is manifest. Miss Groll's voice resembles that of the late Mme. Titiens more closely than any we have heard for a long time, and with proper study and direction she could possibly replace satisfactorily that lamented lady. As Margherita she made a favourable impression, all the more so because she came quite unheralded by the usual preliminary newspaper paragraphs. Her rendering of the "Jewel Song" was sufficiently brilliant, but she sang it too quickly. In the dramatic scenes of the last two acts, Miss Groll was, for a novice, surprisingly good. Mr. Scovell sang the part of Faust, in which he is at his best. Mr. F. Celli as Mephisto followed pretty closely the lines of his predecessors, and showed his common sense by neither over-acting or attempting too much originality. He was in excellent voice and rendered the music admirably, winning thereby hearty applause. On Wednesday evening Miss Groll performed the difficult part of Leonora in *Il Trovatore* for the first time on any stage, and, although suffering from a bad cold, strengthened the excellent opinion already created. She omitted the Cavatina, and reserved herself for the Miserere scene, in which she was most effective. She does not know as yet the value of reserve power, and sings always at full speed; and when it is remembered that the music of *Il Trovatore* is the most exacting imaginable, not to say the most screaming, it is safe to predict that, should Miss Groll continue to sing it for a year or so with all her might and main, as she does now, she will have no voice left. Her intelligence is so great, the quality of her voice so fine, and she is withal so genuinely dramatic and passionate, that defects are easily condoned where there is so much evident earnestness and talent to atone for them. Her acting, like her singing, is full of good intentions; and, although she frequently over-acts, she is never unpicturesque nor insincere, and, moreover, she always managed somehow or other to interest and move her audience. Signor Runcio was Maurizio, and sang the three popular airs allotted to him to the complete satisfaction of the audience. His struggles with the English language were interesting, and his occasional lapses into Italian amusing. *Il Trovatore* does not gain by translation, especially when the excited military chorus exclaims as one man, "Oh! what a horror!" instead of "Oh! che orrore!" on listening to the gipsy's denunciation. The Count di Luna of Mr. Leslie Crotty was a rather cold performance, but he sang the celebrated "Il Balen" admirably. Mr. Jupp, as Ruiz, and Mr. Henry Pope, as Ferrando, did good service to the general cause. On June 13th the Italian season begins at this theatre with *Aida*. No novelty will be produced, except the restoration of the *Walpurgis Nacht* act and ballet music to Gounod's *Faust*, and the fifth act, usually omitted in England, to the *Huguenots*. Mr. Harris has secured Signor Luigi Mancinelli as musical director, and this is well, both for himself and his patrons.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IV.

BEFORE turning to landscape it will be well to say a few words more about the portraits. Our conviction that Mr. Sargent's "Mrs. William Playfair" is the finest piece of painting in the Academy becomes strengthened every time we see it. When we compare it with some good and serious work hard by we become more than ever conscious of its quiet power of fascination. The subtle manner in which the modelling reveals everything, the admirable relation of the figure to the background, the finesse and brilliancy of the flesh, and the true colouring in the shadows, are not approached even by the one or two excellent portraits we have already named in connexion with it. Many good portraits, too, are to be seen besides those we have mentioned previously, and we cannot hope to do more than allude to a few of various and more or less pronounced merits. Mr. Holl, of course, contributes others than those we have been able to mention; the best and most strongly realized of the remainder is unquestionably his "Edward Waters, Esq., M.D." (457). Mr. Collier's work in this line seems somewhat overshadowed by the success of his "Incantation," but he sends two canvases in his usual vigorous manner—201 and 564. Mr. T. Dicksee's 195 is conscientiously worked throughout; the dress being an excellent and careful piece of painting. Graceful, though perhaps somewhat flimsy and mannered, Miss H. Rae's 415 is worthy of notice, and Mr. F. M. Skipworth's 959 is both elegantly and sympathetically worked.

Too many landscape-painters seem to think that something topographically like any bit of country they may happen to visit constitutes sufficient material of pleasure for a picture. They do not enough consider the general appearance of their work, and the result is, that in going round the Academy we meet with landscapes which classify themselves in our mind under one or two common aspects, such as a collection of stripes, a sea of dots, a fuzz of wire and string, a set of square movable blocks, &c. These pictures may be good or bad in some respects, but both their merits and their faults are swallowed up in the unintended and false suggestion of their whole appearance. Pictures convey no message so powerfully as they do the statement that is made by their general aspect. This it is that grows upon you, captures your imagination unbeknown to you at odd moments, and produces

the slow effect and lasting charm of a fine canvas. Most of these unintended aspects of pictures result from some vice of handling, or some exaggerated imitation of a method, when they do not come from mere ignorant niggling. Usually they produce far from decorative patterns, and they always prevent one from feeling the broad shimmer of light and the aerial suppleness of a natural envelopment. As you look out over fields, lakes, and woods you are aware of no sufficient excuse for such wires and stripes—that is to say, if you do not look at one thing at a time, but consent to feel the general impression of the whole scene. Manner is a good thing, but not manner for manner's sake; and perception of form is a good thing, if the really important forms be allowed their due prominence, and are not subordinated to systems of handling or wiry representations of detail. Style is useful to give force to the assertion of great truths, to bring out large facts, to suppress the mean, and disengage the dignified and essential features of nature. It is misused to give a deceptive air of facility to false and shoddy work, or to obtain cheaply the *cachet* of a school without study of its serious qualities or comprehension of its attitude towards nature. We cannot turn to nature in the midst of the Academy to show how many of these pattern-like treatments of reeds, marshes, bare trees, grass, and foliage are made quite unduly important and out of all sympathy with the large and tranquil aspect of real scenes. We can, however, point to some aerially conceived landscapes, into which you enter and feel enveloped in atmosphere before becoming aware of any spiky detail. Such are Mr. Arthur G. Bell's "Home of the Wild-fowl" (232), Mr. Arthur Lemon's "On the Hillside" (442) and "In the Glade" (929), Mr. A. East's "Autumn Afterglow" (608), Mr. F. Dean's "Tidal River" (224), and Mr. Leslie Thomson's canvases (346, 469, 655, and 667), most of which, we regret to say, are badly hung. All these pictures have been made with a determined intention of how far to use realism, and a thorough knowledge of how much definition and detail may be introduced without injury to those masses of the picture upon which its general sentiment depends. Mr. Lemon, for instance, in his pictures has preserved the large divisions of light and shadow, and has avoided breaking up his bare trees, reeds, foliage, grass, or rushes. His colour is broad, supple in handling, atmospheric and full of suggestion, yet totally free from the faults of spottiness and hardness which we have mentioned. We can find pictures full of such errors of taste, and that among work not without merit. Mr. R. W. A. Rouse has a good sense of effect, but too readily falls into a stereotyped fashion of painting reeds and water. His "Autumn Evening" (900), though somewhat heavy, seems his best; but when we come to his "Kent Pastoral" (22), we come to a slick and tinny kind of workmanship of which there is only too much. Thus, Mr. Val Davis has spoiled his strong large work, "The Lords of the Mere" (24), by a stilted, unsympathetic, and over-marked way of handling, especially in his foreground reeds. Entire destruction of an effect and complete decorative ruin resulting from spottiness may be seen in Mr. C. W. Wyllie's "Saturday Afternoon, East London" (351). His "Past the Old Town" (8) is a much superior work. For wires and tangles of string one should go to Mr. Walton's pictures and Mr. George White's 946. These last works, however, are of a low order of ambition, and no one who cares about questions of taste and technique would mind whether they were spoiled or not. It is a pity, however, that Mr. David Murray, through looking at details individually, and not in relation to the whole, should have given his picture, "Autumn's Gentle Tinge of Gold" (576), so hard an aspect that it seems to bristle with steel blades and brass-headed nails. Bad style produces terrible effects, truly; but it is doubtful whether it is wise to do without any, and put forth the results of observation baldly and without any evidence of the intervention of a human, or at least artistic, brain. As to how far good eyesight and a sincere mind can go without conscious art, no better example exists than Mr. H. B. Davis's "Summer" (153). Here we see an admirably close and intelligent observation—shown in the record of distinctions between shadow, sunshine, and various reflections on the water—entirely thrown away because the æsthetic appeal or statement of the whole picture is mean and trivial. This would be a promising work for a young man, as it shows in a high degree the freshness of mind and the sincerity of vision of the painter; but Mr. Davis is too old an artist to do without art. Mr. Colin Hunter perhaps takes the honours in landscape among Academicians; Mr. P. Graham's "Easterly Breeze" (18) is in his usual waxy manner, and shows little or no improvement. Whereas Mr. Hunter has really done much to get rid of the extravagance and falseness which marred his work of late. His figures are better constructed, his scheme of values better studied, and his foregrounds more aerially and naturally coloured than usual. "Their Share of the Toil" (28) and "Beneath Blue Skies" (990) should greatly encourage both him and his admirers. We have not mentioned half of the fine landscapes by such men as Messrs. M. Fisher, A. Stokes, G. Boughton, and by many others, and must defer an account of them to our next article.

HARMONIOUS LABOURERS.

MUSIC, as is well known, has charms to soothe the school-child's breast; and it has occurred to Messrs. A. J. Foxwell and T. Mee Pattison to combine musical instruction with the inculcation of that respect for labour which is so desirable in a

democratic country. Their plan is to train school-children in the production of cantatas or operettas of a didactic character, and they have incidentally given to the world a composition of remarkable merit. It is an operetta entitled *The Sons of Toil* (Curwen & Sons). Mr. Foxwell wrote the words, and Mr. Pattison composed the music; and it would be hard to say which of them deserves best of the commonwealth. The operetta consists of twenty-one inspiring numbers, with recitative interspersed between. Probably in consideration of the inexperience of the performers, the music of the recitative, some of which is in prose and some in verse, is not printed; but it is obvious that Mr. Foxwell cannot have intended it to be merely spoken. It is a pleasure to call attention to its artistic and sociological merit.

The first step in the production is to prepare what a preliminary "argument" describes as "one easily-arranged scene." This is the "Court of Labour," and consists chiefly of a throne, with space for evolutions in front of it. On the throne, "over which a tiger-skin is cast" (Why a tiger-skin? One would have thought that some more peaceful hide, such as a cow-skin or pig-skin, would be more appropriate), is seated a school-child, presumably a boy, who might suitably be the captain of the school, representing Labour. He wears "a loose flame-coloured robe," but his arms are bare, and in one hand he wields a sledge-hammer by way of sceptre. He is attended by "guards bearing each some implement, say dressed as haymakers, carrying hay-forks or rakes." Say dressed as demonstrators, carrying hop-poles or banners, and the effect will assuredly be no less striking. Labour opens the proceedings with a proclamation in six lines, which in the book he speaks, but according to the better opinion, *recit.*, the last two being "Let earnest workers [*chorus*] come to Labour's court, and bring to him their separate report." In answer to this appeal the guards sing a chorus about Labour being the lord of all, which that potentate gracefully acknowledges in another piece of *recitative*, concluding with a direction to raise "the song of invitation, And call the noble workers of the nation." He has done so already himself, but the noble workers have unaccountably neglected to obey his behest. During the next chorus, however, in which the guards sing "Come, ye bold and sturdy toilers," and also "Come, ye clear and vivid thinkers," various groups of "workers" enter in procession, and an architect and manufacturer sneak in along with them. Another outburst of Labour's trite but irrepressible loquacity covers a squabble between the different sets of earnest workers and a marshal, who thereafter serves as a sort of interpreter between the monarch and his vassals, as to the precedence which the workers are to observe. The marshal does not feel equal to arbitrating himself between the conflicting hosts, so he makes a bow to Labour, and says, "O kindly Labour [*flourish*], now decide Who first shall come before thy seat," whereupon "various groups" observe, "speaking together," "We claim that right," to which "other groups" rejoin, "We should be heard first," and the marshal has to "keep them back with his wand." Iron-workers, navvies, and miners successively assert their pre-eminent importance, and then the architect has the audacity to put forward his claim. "Various groups," naturally indignant at his presumption, point out that "Work; work; work is the test here," which gives the architect the opportunity of demonstrating the dialectical advantage of education by asking, "And does not the thinker work? . . . I am an architect; do not my plans aid Labour?" The manufacturer is thereby encouraged to remark, "I am a manufacturer [*chorus*]. By long and careful experiment [*chorus*], by the expenditure of much time [*chorus*], and thought [*twiddle*], and money [*bang, bang*], by rising early and retiring late [*squeak*], by anxious days and sleepless nights [*chorus*], I have succeeded in producing an invention [*bang*] which will enable me to give employment to hundreds [*prolonged flourish*]; am I not a true subject of Labour? [*several chorús*]" The manufacturer's eloquence is rewarded by a duet between himself and the architect, in which they point out, among other things, that "For weary weeks and months and years must study oft abound. . . Before the earnest thinker can complete his cherished plan, And send it forth to benefit and bless his fellow-man." But there is no satisfying some people, and the "groups," who have listened with disgust to this exposition of the claims of non-manual labour, give judgment against it by declaiming as soon as it is over, "Work, work, work for ever; work is the test." The marshal now shows his sense by desisting from the vain attempt to convince them, and making the more practical observation, "Peace, brawlers, peace! Let the master decide!" Thereupon the master does decide, apparently on the principle that you must begin somewhere, that he will first hear the miners, and some colliers and other miners glorify themselves to their hearts' content in a chorus of considerable length.

When the functions of the earnest workers are thus fairly started, Labour determines to reduce chaos to order, which he does by observing, at the end of his next piece of *recitative*, "Come hither, marshal! for thy guidance next, Peruse this scroll, and act as it directs." The rhyme, it will be observed, is characteristically laborious. The marshal, having perused the scroll, orders "the workers of metal" to blaze away, adding, "As you are well represented here, I see, please to be brief—as I am"; and, to do the marshal justice, he is considerably less verbose than any of the other artists. The *recitative* of the various delegates now becomes exceedingly instructive. The gentleman who represents the steel industry tells how "of late, through Bessemer's invention, this [steel] is made in nearly twenty times the quantity, And often has been sold one-sixth the price Of that which was produced in

former years." A subsequent chorus, by its rhyme and metre, recalls the fable of the Magnet and the Churn in *Patience*. "In bridge and in boat, ashore and afloat, In scissors, and lancet, and knife, In pillar and dome, abroad and at home, 'Tis iron that strengthens the life." A delightful piece of *recitative* enumerates some of the virtues of sheet-iron. With a noble recognition of the claims of metre, its advocate refers to its value "for tea-trays, canisters, and 'waiters' dumb . . .":—

But more than all, its value has been shown
In making that most potent implement,
The PEN, which does so much to civilize
And lead to liberty our glorious age.
Time was when this was but a costly toy—
Five shillings for a single one was paid;
Now for as many pence we buy a gross,
By which we utilize the "Penny Post."

This leads naturally to a solo and chorus:—

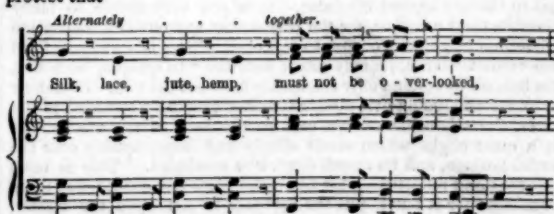
The Pen, the Pen, the mighty Pen,
Who can its power unfold?
Its heroes are as valiant men
As fought in frays of old.

The librettist proceeds to answer his own question by unfolding the mighty Pen's powers in a most unexpected manner. "To dulness wisdom it imparts." This is both strange and new. Of course wisdom is sometimes dull to start with; but to be wise and dull is so much better than to be foolish and dull that, if the fact were generally acknowledged, a fall in the price of quills might be confidently expected. Other workers in metal then sing, in chorus and *recitative*. The brass-worker points out that, "If people want a glitter, It is to brass they go"; the zinc-worker that, "Either in combination or alone, Zinc has its value: easy 'tis to work, Easy to melt; teracious; hard to flaw"; the lead-worker that "lead is a heavy metal" (which nobody can deny); and the tin-worker asks, with plaintive effect, "What metal is more beautiful than tin?"

When the claims of workers in metal have been disposed of, an episode occurs so pleasing in itself, and so suggestive of Mr. Matthews's recent experience at the Home Office, that it deserves a fresh paragraph. Labour suddenly remarks:—

What are those worthy fellows near the door?
We've surely seen their stalwart forms before!
They hold aloof, as if they feared our state.
Let them advance! their garb we tolerate.

The marshal answers, "My lord, they are [not pit-brow women, as the foregoing lines would seem to suggest, but] navvies; they look rather rough, but they are very valuable servants of Labour," and the bashful navvies come in and sing a chorus, to the satisfaction of all. Then the marshal, observing, in defiance of modern speculation, that "Clothing was one of the earliest wants of humanity," calls upon the workers in textile fabrics to express their sentiments. Of these the most pleasing is the representative of alpaca, who says that "Alpaca so important has become That it is worthy of a separate name. We owe it to the skill and enterprise And anxious labour of Sir Titus Salt." Sir Titus is made the excuse for a digression, and a sly social allusion—"The town he founded proves his thoughtful care; Good streets, good houses, lecture-room and schools, Baths, washhouses, gymnasium, institute, Almshouses, churches, almost every form Of public building, save a public-house. So there they have low death-rate, little crime, Peace and prosperity, work's paradise!" Cotton and flax having been duly praised, and the "azure blossom" of flax having been indicated as a thing of beauty, while a judicious silence is maintained about the detestable stench which it makes while soaking in the fields, another row breaks out. The marshal, who is obviously bored with the whole thing, and in a hurry to get through, says, "Now that the representatives of the textile manufactures have been heard—" but the representatives of the textile manufactures are of a different opinion. A Silk-worker (*Female*) interrupts him with "Nothing has been said of silk, which I represent; is that of no consequence?" and overwhelms him with statistics. "And is jute of no consequence?" "And is not hemp of consequence?" "And must lace be passed over?" successively demand two males and a female, all wordy, especially the lace-worker, whose details about William III.'s lace bill and Queen Victoria's wedding-dress fairly upset the marshal's equanimity, for he ejaculates testily, "Oh! all these are of consequence! no slight is meant to any; only as time flies—" he is not allowed to finish the sentence. The workers in silk, lace, jute, and hemp will have their rights, and they assert them in a quartet and chorus, sung, according to the stage direction, "with a slight display of temper," consisting principally of the reiterated protest that



at the end of which the poor marshal, with an injured "—perhaps you will now allow me to finish my sentence," calls for potters, glaziers, shipbuilders, and others, who are allowed to

express themselves as much as they please. A leather-worker is indeed cut short in his *recitative*, but he deserves it. He has just pointed out that leather is made of the skins of "cow, calf, horse, buffalo, sheep, lamb, goat, kid, deer, dog, seal, pig, walrus, porpoise, kangaroo, and hippopotamus. Its value is admitted, for, as a proverb declares, 'There is nothing like leather'—" "Except india-rubber," cuts in a worker in that material, and the leather-worker is heard no more. A farm-labourer carols a jocund lay; three men out of work are rebuked for idle and drunken habits by Labour, who takes the opportunity to deliver a discourse of unexceptional soundness touching his own relation to Capital, and the operetta concludes with a repetition of the opening chorus. The performers will, no doubt, have profited largely both in musical aptitude and miscellaneous information; but it is clear that the marshal, as conceived by Mr. Foxwell, will be very glad to be allowed to go about his business.

THE LEVANTINE.

THE race of Levantines was born long enough ago to make their descent genealogically respectable, from the standpoint of those who would be proud to claim for a great-great-grandfather, several generations removed, the first thief who was hanged at Tyburn. Their earliest ancestors were the adventurous traders, chiefly from France and Italy, who sailed in fear and trembling through the waters of the Great Turk, when Turkey was still an empire, and a Bashaw was a potentate whose scimitar-bearer was always within hail. The Levant was then a very dangerous if fruitful trading-ground, and the foreigners either made their fortunes or lost their lives in a remarkably short period. Anybody who cares to turn to the first pages of the story of the Levantine can learn much from a diverting account of travels in the East, written by one M. A. B. D., a commercial traveller for the French house of Peyssonel, who spent the last forty years of the eighteenth century in cruising between Athens and Alexandria. Since those days, however, the world has changed a good deal, and the Levantine, being essentially a man of the world, has kept pace with the times. The growth of the Levantine is a gradual one, and he has been slowly but surely forming himself from the date of M. A. B. D. till he has succeeded in producing the perfect creature of the present. He started as an Englishman (rarely), or as a Frenchman, Greek, or Italian, and squatted in the East. There he picked up a wife from some other colony. Perhaps, for example, an Italian chose a French girl. Their son took to himself a Greek, and their progeny married an Armenian. The next infant, though still in the enjoyment of the original national privileges of the first Italian parent, has meanwhile lost nearly all trace of that blood. He is probably brought up by his mother to speak Turkish as his native tongue from babyhood, and his father will teach him Greek. At school he will learn French and Italian, and in full time develop into a genuine specimen of the Levantine. Supposing that he again marries an Armenian, the Western strain will be almost eliminated from the family, but none the less will they be Italians. Everybody will call them Levantines, but they will never admit the title. Such is the genesis of this self-denying people, who are well known to the connoisseur, but who know not themselves.

It is comparatively easy for the initiated to detect the Levantine, but much more difficult to describe him and define his points. The dictionary is entirely silent regarding him, and ignores everything relating to the Levant except "levant and ponent" winds. Travellers early and late, whilst entering into elaborate details upon the origin, manners, customs, and characteristics of the various peoples they have come across, appear with one consent studiously to keep off the Levantine. He is, in fact, a very slippery individual to deal with, either upon paper or in real life. To the hungry searcher after truth he is a sort of human snark, and in the weights and measures tables commercially current abroad he is put down as equal to two Jews, three Armenians, or four Greeks. No Levantine will ever acknowledge his relationship with his own class. He is English, French, Italian, Greek, German, Russian, anything, everything but a Levantine. He has never sold his birthright, probably because nobody has ever bid a glass of mastic for it. He is the possessor of a Consular protectionist certificate, and claims a fictitious domicile in some far-off land, whose tongue even is perhaps strange to him. But he stoutly repudiates all connexion with those whom the world classes by his side in the fatal category, and is one of many Ishmaels, holding out to the last against his name. It is not very simple to fairly describe the Levantine, for the reason that any one is a Levantine whom his neighbours choose to call one. There is no appeal from the verdict. True, he may retort with the "tu quoque," and that the balance of opinion only can decide between the two. Somehow or other though an evil significance has gradually attached to the term, the stigma is seldom cast in the face of the victim. It is a quiet blight which steals slowly and imperceptibly over the social horizon, and its march cannot be combated. This is most grievous and unfortunate for the better-class Levantine; but there is nothing for it but to put the best face he can upon the matter, and bravely bear the penalty of his residence and marriage-ties with the consequent evils of his enforced clanship.

There is nothing whatever in the manner of his family breeding to cast any blot upon the Levantine. Every one of his parents

and grandparents may have been honest and worthy people, and there is really no reason why the son of a mixed marriage should not turn out a very fine fellow. As a matter of actual fact though, people do not often come out to the East and settle there definitely for life without some good reason for not revisiting the land of their birth. The corrupt social atmosphere of the Levant must also in the end have a demoralizing effect in residence continued from generation to generation. The traditions of home, whatever that home may be—always the healthiest moral safeguards to the European abroad—are obliterated and lost, and the Levantine becomes cosmopolitan, a citizen of every land and a son of none. There are no keener judges of character than Easterns and those whose wits have been sharpened by contact with them; and in the East a Levantine is not generally considered the most desirable of connexions either in business or society. We may therefore accept the rule as it has been made, without further attempt at offensive demonstration, always, however, allowing for exceptions in proof.

There are only two divisions in the army of Levantines. The first is the wealthy and risen class, and the second the rising commercial class. As the shadowy existence of the Levantine depends on the word of his neighbours, any of the class below the second class go unnoticed and ignored. No one will even take the trouble to call them by their name, and they may rejoice in being English or anything else without risk. Like the pariahs, they have their uses, and they are not generally worth abusing. When such a necessity happens to arise, they may conveniently be treated as Greeks. It is a little hard upon the Athenians and descendants of Pericles that every ruffian too abandoned to belong to any other nation is supposed to be a Greek; but so it is, and we merely record the unkind habit of the East.

As in more polished England, so in the world of the Levantine, money goes a very long way indeed towards making life comfortable and enviable. The Oriental Sir Gorgius Midas has very little to complain of. There may be whispers, born of jealousy, behind his back; but he can afford to stuff his ears with piastres, and stride on in the majesty of conscious power. He may meet a few people better than he, and with purer blood in their veins; but there will certainly be a great many worse in the circles in which he moves. If his neighbours do not want him, they have only to say so. He can do better without them than they without him. His wife is fat and pleasant, and his daughters are lively and well sprinkled with diamonds. Any one who is not satisfied with his appurtenances is welcome to drop his acquaintance. He will always find plenty to welcome him either in the Bourse or in the drawing-room.

In the second class we meet the more objectionable varieties of the species. They do not know bourses or drawing-rooms. The gambling-hell is their bourse and the café chantant their salon. From father to son they have had an uphill fight, and are preternaturally sharp, and are alive to, if not adepts in, every shape of vice and rascality. They either devote themselves wholly to petty trading, which is synonymous with swindling, if practicable, or else to disreputable idling. Nothing comes amiss to the commercial Levantine. He can always find capital upon paper for the most gigantic undertakings, or he is ready to buy ten piastres' worth of straw, tobacco shavings, or other small commodities, and retail it on peculiar and profitable systems of his own. The vision of his wealthy brethren is always before his eyes, and he struggles on, scraping and saving, swindling and thieving, inch by inch towards the goal. If he cannot reach it himself, he will at least leave a foundation on which his son may build another stage or two after the same fashion. The loafing Levantine is the opposite of his business brother. No one knows, and for the matter of that no one cares, how he lives. He may be seen all day long at his favourite café playing backgammon and consuming small drinks. At night he resorts to the music-halls and card-sharpening dens. At the former he is the counterpart of our 'Arry, either in a fez or tall-crowned straw-hat correctly cocked over his ear. It is his object to interfere as much as possible with the enjoyment of his neighbours hope to extract from the entertainment and to obstruct the performance itself as much as in him lies. To this end he insists upon singing each song together with the artiste, hissing and encoring in opposition to the general audience, thumping on the tables, and attracting to his side more birds of his feather, whilst effectually clearing his vicinity of all respectable contact. He has not yet learnt the whistle or cat-call, but manages very well without them. He holds a great belief in his personal charms, and is much given to ogling passers-by, a habit which occasionally brings with it ready punishment in the shape of a British fist or Italian knife. He is also under a general impression that he is a Christian; but his opinion of his own Christianity and consequent bond of union with thoroughbred Europeans is entirely confined to himself. The intelligent Muslim appraises him correctly as a *kadish*, or mongrel, so his delusion is quite harmless.

The characteristics of the Levantine are less distinctly marked in the lady than in her husband. She is as retiring as he is obtrusive. The retirement is at first more or less enforced till it develops into habit, and the life of the Levantine woman grows very similar to that of the occupants of the harem. She has more nominal liberty of action, but in reality she is closely kept. At least she possesses the sovereign right of showing her face, and this is the principal difference of privilege between her and the husband. Her ideas are limited in the extreme, being confined to jewelry, dress, and petty scandals. Carriages and

diamonds constitute the *nummum bonum*; dresses, powder, and paint the ideal of high art, cigarettes and *bélique* the amusements of life. When she is young the Levantine girl is pretty, but her youth is a short one. She seldom waits till forty to grow fat, and after her first child she is put on the shelf. From that moment onward she rapidly increases in weight and majesty till she attains at least the respectable figure of eighteen stone and the matronly measurement of eighty centimetres round her hypothetical waist. She has few or none of the pleasures in which the men of her race so freely indulge, and altogether is rather to be pitied. As the heritage of Levantineship comes down from the grandfather and grandmother, who are antecedent to choice, perhaps we ought to pity the whole race. As a rule, however, they do not pity themselves, but lead a tolerably merry life, so we may keep our compassion for those who come into contact with Levantines and who need it.

THE ANGLO-JEWISH EXHIBITION.

IN the old prize-fighting days the "Sheenies," Barney Aaron and Dutch Sam, for instance, were styled by their admirers "Stars of the East," and their headquarters were down White-chapel way; but now the Jews, like other folk, are moving westward, and in the absence of Healtheries and Colinderies have started a show of their own at Kensington. The Exhibition is intended to illustrate the two periods of Jewish connexion with England—the mediæval and the modern—which were separated by a blank of about three centuries and a half. Of the earlier period, when Hebrews enriched themselves at the expense of spendthrift nobles, and in turn suffered from the arbitrary tallages of kings, sometimes with the loss of their teeth, and from the bigotry of the mob with the loss of their lives, there are but few artistic remains. The well-known bronze ewer from the Ashmolean is there; but whether it is a collecting-box or a washing-bowl is no nearer decision than before, and the Hebrew inscription does not make it clearer. Of business deeds (Shetaroth, Starre) there are plenty, for the law compelled their being kept at certain places, such as the Star Chamber at Westminster and Canterbury Cathedral, and there they are to this day. These are not beautiful to look at. Some from their condition might have been found in the gipciere of the Jew who was drowned in a pit at Tewkesbury because he would not be pulled out on the Sabbath; but here, at all events, they are all right side up, and not upside down, as they figure in the Facsimiles of National MSS.—an instance of what Mr. Horace Round calls the curiosities of official scholarship. These Shetaroth are full of curious information, social and commercial, and the Exhibition Committee is printing them. Fortunately there were two law-clerks, one at Westminster and one at Colchester, who, having idle moments and some talent in drawing, have left sketches on the margin of their rolls which are the earliest-dated pictures of mediæval English Jews. One of these represents Isaac of Norwich, with a triple face—probably to show the extent of his commercial dealings—looking down upon others of his race tempted and tortured by Colbin and Dagon, devils of the usual horned type. The other sketch is a very characteristic portrait of a man whom the artist chooses to call "Aaron filius Diaboli." This shows the badge, in shape like the two tables of the law, which Hebrews were compelled to wear all over Christendom.

For the modern period there is no lack of portraits, from Rembrandt's etching of Manasseh Ben Israel, who induced Cromwell to allow the chosen people to return, and, it was said, offered to buy St. Paul's for a synagogue, to photographs of Sir Moses Montefiore and Emanuel Deutsch—types of the charitable wealth and the learning for which Jews have always been famous.

For the section of Religious Art, the London synagogues have parted with their choicest treasures. One room is nearly filled with mantles to cover the scrolls of the law. Some of these are of old brocade and embroidery, whose fading colours are a pleasant contrast to the brilliancy of the velvet and gold of the more modern specimens. These indeed are often more gorgeous than tasteful. Some of the designs are evidence of the Jewish ingenuity in evading an inconvenient prohibition. Not only are arks, candlesticks, tables of show-bread, and such still life used as ornament; but even Moses and Aaron and the Lion of Judah occur on the mantles, quaint scenes of Bible history on the bands, and views of the Temple with priests and victims on the breast-plates. But, being in the case of breast-plates engraved, and on mantles and bands embroidered in low relief, they are not considered *perfect* images, and therefore not forbidden. Another instance of a similar evasion is the Sabbath key, a key which can be worn as an ornament, and therefore does not render the owner guilty of breaking the law against carrying burdens on the Day of Rest.

The committee were very wise to secure the Straus collection from Paris, though it can hardly be called Anglo-Jewish. The beautiful Italian cinque-cento ark has nothing to compare with it, either in the workmanship of the inlaid portion or the delicate carving of the architectural panels. The silver objects, too, in the same collection are curious. The Hanuca lamps used at the Feast of the Dedication are of all imaginable designs, so long as there are eight lamps and one "beadle" to light them from. But

the spice-boxes, used at the close of the Sabbath to typify the spiritual refreshment gained by the rest, are nearly always in the shape of a tower with a vane—perhaps in consequence of the connexion of the ideas of wind and spirit.

Hebrew scholars will find plenty of solid mental pabulum, such as Lord Crawford's Samaritan MSS. and a quantity of rare Hebrew books and pamphlets from public and private Jewish libraries. And musical amateurs have already been charmed by a concert of synagogue music; a great novelty, which, it is to be hoped, will be repeated.

CONCERTS.

IT has become a fashion of late years to repeat each time Mme. Patti returns from one of her now frequent excursions to America and reappears among us, "that her voice shows no signs of loss of power," or "that it is as fresh as ever." All this is mere phrase-making, for Mme. Patti's voice ought not to show any signs of failing for a long time to come. Mme. Patti possesses to perfection the good old Italian method, which, based upon sound hygienic principles, is calculated to preserve and strengthen the vocal chords, and she has moreover never abused her natural or acquired gifts. She has scarcely ever sung more than three times in a week, rarely more than once in a single day, and, further, in her whole career, has never undertaken a part or sung a song beyond her means. On Mme. Patti's first appearance at Mr. Kuhe's concert last Thursday at the Albert Hall she sang "Ah! forse è lui che l'anima" and its brilliant *cabaletta*, "Sempre libera," to perfection. Eckert's elaborate "Echo Song" was received with the usual noisy demonstration, and although Mme. Patti returned three several times to the proscenium, and was evidently disinclined to sing again, she was positively obliged to do so in compliance with a selfish and unmannerly custom. The rest of the concert was of the usual average merit, and Mme. Antoinette Sterling and Miss Alice Gomez were much and deservedly applauded.

Signor Denza's concert on Saturday evening at Prince's Hall was well attended. The programme as usual was too long, and the *encore* mania in full force, so that it was near midnight before the concert was over. The principal feature of the evening was the predominance of Signor Denza's own compositions, most of which have been noticed, and nearly always favourably, in these columns. Mme. Delphine Lebrun, who has a fine mezzo-soprano voice of great dramatic power, sang charmingly Tosti's "Allons voir" with Signor Bonetti, and a new duet by Signor Denza of considerable beauty, called "Down the Stream," was interpreted by Miss Alice Whitacre and Signor Parisotti. Much of the success of the evening was carried off by Signor Finelli de Valetta, who sings Neapolitan popular airs in a most cheerful and mirth-provoking fashion, as indeed those merry *canzoni* ought to be sung.

BLANK TRANSFERS AND SHARE REGISTRATION.

MR. JUSTICE CHITTY'S decision last week in the case of the Colonial Bank v. Hepworth has naturally excited much interest on the Stock Exchange and amongst bankers, for it condemns a practice that has long prevailed in the City. The facts of the case can be very briefly stated. Mr. Hepworth, a country clergyman, instructed Thomas & Co., stockbrokers, to buy for him some shares of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company. He paid for the shares and instructed his brokers to have them registered in his name. Instead of doing so, however, Thomas & Co. borrowed money on the security of the shares from the Colonial Bank, and deposited the shares, giving therewith what is called a blank transfer—that is, the form of transfer was left in blank, the name only of the transferor being filled up. Mr. Hepworth after a while grew impatient at finding that the shares had not been registered in his name, and, from fear of detection and exposure, Thomas & Co. induced the Colonial Bank to give back the shares, promising to have them registered in the bank's name. As a matter of fact they were registered in Mr. Hepworth's name, and then re-deposited with the bank. Thomas & Co. failed, and the principal partner disappeared. And then the question arose which was—the purchaser for value and registered owner, or the lender upon the security of the shares—to be at the loss. Mr. Justice Chitty has decided in favour of the registered owner, and few can doubt that the decision is in accordance with equity as well as with law. It will be seen that there were several peculiar features in the case. Firstly, of course, it was clearly wrong on the part of Thomas & Co. to pledge shares belonging to a client without his knowledge or consent, and to appropriate to their own use the money so obtained. But of course the Colonial Bank was ignorant that the brokers were acting without the knowledge of their client. Mr. Justice Chitty, in his decision, refers to the fact that one of the witnesses for the bank admitted that it was not supposed that Thomas & Co. were acting for themselves; but every one familiar with Stock Exchange business is aware that brokers habitually borrow on the security of stocks and shares for their clients. Apparently, in the opinion of Mr. Justice Chitty, the bank officials ought to have satisfied themselves that Thomas & Co. were acting under instructions from

their clients. It would, however, be impossible for bankers in the City of London to ascertain such facts if Stock Exchange business is to be carried on as it is at present. There is a settlement effected fortnightly on the Stock Exchange in all the transactions that have taken place during the previous fortnight. Brokers borrow from their bankers on the first of the three settling days, and pay and receive monies due from and to them on the third of the three days. It is only on the first day that applications are made to the bankers, and it would be impossible for bankers to ascertain in the case of every broker whether he is borrowing for himself or for his clients, and in the latter event to insist on having evidence that the broker is authorized by his clients to pledge their property. In the ordinary course things are all right; and it seems to us that the Colonial Bank, in accordance with the ordinary custom of bankers and brokers, was fully justified in assuming that Thomas & Co. were acting with the knowledge and consent of their clients, and consequently in advancing money on the security of the shares. As between the plaintiffs and the defendant, then, each appears to us equally innocent.

But each had been guilty of a slight negligence, though of a different kind. The Colonial Bank, having once obtained possession of the shares, ought, for its own security, to have insisted upon the registration of the shares in the name of the bank or of its nominees; and, as a matter of fact, it gave up the shares on the promise of Thomas & Co. that they should be so registered. Yet it took back the shares, not only without the registration having been effected, but after the shares had been registered in another name, and allowed the loan to run on. It is here that it seems to us the Colonial Bank was guilty of such negligence as did not entitle it to success in the suit instituted by it. On the other hand, Mr. Hepworth, though he insisted upon the registration of his shares, yet permitted those shares to remain in the possession of Thomas & Co., and thus made it possible for Thomas & Co. to commit the act which has resulted in loss to the Colonial Bank. It is quite true that clients very often leave securities with their bankers for safe keeping. They have not the means at home of properly safeguarding such securities, and they in many cases are obliged to lodge them either with brokers or with bankers. But it cannot be denied that Mr. Hepworth made it possible for Thomas & Co. to do as they did by allowing them to retain possession of the shares. In giving his decision, Mr. Justice Chitty scarcely notices this feature in the transaction, while he dwells upon the surrender by the bank of the shares after it had once got possession of them. It was contended on the part of the bank that, both in the State of New York, where the New York Central Company is domiciled, and in London, where the transaction in the shares took place, there is a custom which makes the deposit of securities with blank transfers act as an estoppel of all previous holders. Mr. Justice Chitty did not think it necessary to inquire what rights a blank transfer actually confers, though he remarked that the evidence adduced did not prove the existence of the custom referred to. He based his decision in favour of the defendant mainly upon this, that whatever rights the bank obtained by advancing money on shares pledged to it with a blank transfer, it lost by surrendering afterwards the shares to Thomas & Co., and allowing those shares to be registered in Mr. Hepworth's name; that the one was as much a purchaser for value as the other; and that the registered owner is the legal and *bond fide* owner of the shares, and as such was entitled to their possession. He accordingly gave judgment in favour of Mr. Hepworth with costs. "There was an engagement," he said, "on the face of the certificates with blank transfers that the shares thereby represented were transferable only on the surrender and cancellation of the certificate; and the printed form on the back which was issued by the Company showed that a complete transfer was a transfer on the books of the Company; that is by registration." The right principle of estoppel, then, was that "where, as in the present case, the transfers were duly signed by the registered holders of the shares, each prior holder conferred upon the *bond fide* holder for value of the certificates for the time being an authority to fill in the name of a transferee, and so estop their denying such authority."

It is this part of the judgment which has caused excitement upon the Stock Exchange. There are very large numbers of American railroad securities held in this country, the holders of which have never been registered. The very great majority are shares on which dividends are not paid, and the intrinsic value of which is exceedingly small. People buy them because for one reason or another they believe that they will rise in price, and that the rise will not only give them a sufficient interest for their money while invested in the shares, but will add materially to their capital also. But they hope that the rise will come off soon, and none of them contemplate the necessity of registration. It is to be recollected that very few American Railroad Companies have registration offices in London. A holder, therefore, would have to incur the expense of insuring the shares, sending them out to have them registered in America, paying registration fees, and then bringing them back again. All the time that they were on the way out and back they would be out of the possession of the purchaser, and he, therefore, could not deal with them. In the meantime the rise in the hope of which he had bought might have occurred and he might have lost his market. Thus it happens that very few holders of the speculative class of American railroad shares are registered upon the books of the Company

whose shares they hold. It is believed that many thousands, and indeed hundreds of thousands, of these shares were bought years ago in America, have been passing from hand to hand since in Europe, and have never been taken out of the names of the persons who were the registered holders when they were last bought in America. From Mr. Justice Chitty's decision the Stock Exchange infers that, under conceivable circumstances, the present holders of these shares might find it extremely difficult to establish their claim to them. Suppose that the registered American owner was fraudulently deprived of possession of these shares; his name is still upon the register of the Company, and he is legal as well as equitable owner of the shares. Or suppose that dishonest vendors should set up the plea that they had been improperly deprived of possession of the shares, and should question the right of the English holders. It is clear that some day or other very serious difficulty may arise; while it is equally obvious that stockbrokers may find it difficult to borrow on such shares. The present holders are themselves not registered, while bankers are not likely to be at the expense and trouble of sending out the shares for registration; and thus it may happen that when the money market is at all disturbed there may be a refusal on the part of bankers to advance upon such shares, and the Stock Exchange may be thrown into something like a panic. There are several ways of getting out of the difficulty. The most satisfactory would be for holders at once to register on the books of the Companies; but, for the reasons stated above, it is extremely unlikely that they will do so. A second way would be for the different American Companies to open offices in London, which would permit of registration; but few Companies have sufficient inducement to do so. Were they borrowing largely in London they might find it to their interest to facilitate dealings in their shares; but now that borrowing by American Railroad Companies in this market is comparatively small, and that most of the Companies are able to obtain what they want at home, there is not this inducement, and we may assume that the Companies will not open such offices. A third plan has been devised, but has not met with very much success up to the present. An association was formed some years ago which undertook to receive all shares deposited with it, to have those shares registered in its own name and at its own expense in America, and to issue to the depositing shareholders here certificates of the association which might be dealt in upon the London Stock Exchange. Thus the association offered a mode of registration in London as a substitute for registration in America. For various reasons the plan has not succeeded, but it is obvious that some remedy of the kind is necessary if there is not to be very serious difficulty in the American department of the Stock Exchange some day. Just now, while bankers feel a difficulty in lending even at 1½ per cent., they cannot afford to be very particular in inquiring into the securities upon which they advance; but when the demand for money becomes once more active, and they are in a position to pick and choose, they may, and very probably will, take such action as will place the holders of such shares in a very difficult position.

THE LONDON MUSICAL SOCIETY.

THE London Musical Society has performed many interesting works for the first time in England, and the programme of May 24 was by no means one of the least important. Beethoven's *Canata on the Death of Joseph the Second* has never before been heard, and a work of this scope by Beethoven, even though it was composed at the early age of twenty, could not fail to be of some interest. It would be impossible to say that the great composer had become himself when he wrote this music, and one feels it more especially in the symphonic passages, which are tolerably long. The work contains a chorus, an air for the bass, one for the soprano, an air with chorus—soprano, and a chorus with quartet. Mr. Mackenzie then gave up his place to Mr. Prout, who conducted his MS. Symphony in D, No. 4, of which we spoke at length when it was given at the Crystal Palace on Feb. 26. It will be therefore sufficient to say that the performance at St. James's Hall on this occasion was scarcely as delicately nuanced as that at the Crystal Palace, and that the "Scherzo" again proved itself the most attractive movement of the Symphony. A good performance of Beethoven's *Choral Fantasia* came next, and to its success Signor Buonamici contributed not a little. The merit of his playing depended less upon that somewhat commonplace quality—a brilliant and showy technique—than upon his excellent taste and his thorough sympathy with the composer. With a full command of the resources of the piano, he abstains from the extravagances which disfigure the style of so many players, and he seeks in no way to attract attention from the composer to himself. The concert wound up with Cherubini's Fourth Mass, a work of very lofty style and one containing some broad and admirable chorus writing. The voices were good and well together, but the work on the whole met with rather too modern and sensational a rendering. The principal singer of the evening was Miss Carlotta Elliot, who performed her part with taste and feeling. She was aided by Miss F. Perugini, Miss Lena Little, Miss Pfeiffer von Bèek, and Messrs. Harper Kearton, L. Munday, Henry Cross, and W. H. Brereton.

WERNER.

NO circumstance was wanting in the revival of Lord Byron's tragedy, *Werner, or the Inheritance*, at the Lyceum on Wednesday that could add to the success of a benefit performance. This result must be accounted extremely gratifying even if it implied nothing more than the well-merited recognition of Dr. Westland Marston's services to dramatic literature. With characteristic energy and single-heartedness Mr. Irving undertook a task of no small difficulties, determined to signalize the occasion by a representation that should be worthy of the theatre and his many triumphs, and comparable only with the finest examples of his skill and experience in the past. In these important particulars Mr. Irving's efforts were completely rewarded by a scenic ensemble at once imposing and appropriate. The well-devised scenes painted by Mr. Hawes Craven, the rich and strange costumes designed by Mr. Seymour Lucas, the many striking effects of stage-lighting, were happily combined in suggesting the romantic colour and atmosphere of the pictorial environment. With regard to Mr. Irving's selection of *Werner*, it is, fortunately, idle to speculate on the motives that impelled the actor, and entirely unnecessary to justify his choice. While it is not unnatural to suppose, from the self-revelation afforded by their lives of the noble passion of emulation that possesses most actors, that the example of Macready may have been an active influence, we are content to find the most ample justification in Mr. Irving's exhaustive study of the leading character. The necessary work of compression has been executed, on the whole, with excellent taste and discretion by Mr. Frank Marshall, though we must protest against the interpolation of the scene where Gabor is a witness of the murder of Stralenheim as a damaging anticipation of the ingenious *dénouement*. Not only does this scene weaken the effect of the fine situation in the final scene, where Gabor denounces Ulric before his agonized father, but it brutally divests the drama of its well-sustained and most appropriate mystery. Nor is this the only doubtful point involved in the treatment of Lord Byron's work—a treatment, by the way, that has called forth certain unseemly expressions of rapture and approbation in which we are sure Mr. Frank Marshall is not likely to find gratification. The sudden appearance of Gabor (Act ii. sc. 4) in the castle garden, at a moment when he is far away beyond the Silesian frontier, is a concession to the childish love of a taking tableau at the curtain-fall. This transformation of the frank Hungarian into a rashly curious spy is equally inartistic and absurd. In the last act, again, the presentation of the fatal gold to Ida Stralenheim is a most infelicitous substitute for Lord Byron's scene between Werner and the Prior. It is incredible that the morbidly sensitive Werner should place in the hands of his enemy's daughter the stolen gold that symbolizes his ancient and unredeemed degradation.

Mr. Irving's conception of Werner—maintained, by the way, with admirable consistency throughout—is that of a proud and reserved spirit, sorely tried by a long course of years full of calumny and oppression, who has preserved untainted his innate nobility of mind at the opening of the drama. Smitten by an implacable foe and pursued by a fate equally relentless, like a hunted creature he finds himself suddenly in the last and most hopeless meshes of the toils, and confronted by his ruthless and powerful enemy. Never, not even for a moment, did Mr. Irving fail to suggest by the affecting dignity of his demeanour that the afflicted Werner suffers less through the errors of his wayward and unfilial youth than through the malice of his enemy. The actor revealed the victim of cruel and remorseless fate, bowed and almost crushed by the pitiless persecutions of many years, yet not wholly subdued by the demoralized forces of want and injury. At the critical moment when the suspicious Werner raises his knife at the sudden appearance of his wife, as he emerges with the stolen gold from the secret passage, the horrified recognition of Josephine and the terrible revulsion of feeling were realized with marvellous and thrilling effect by Mr. Irving. In his tumultuous cry, "Thank God!—left one thing undone," in reply to Josephine's "What hast thou done?" the agony of relief and apprehension was exceedingly moving. Here, emphatically, the actor's interpretation showed a sensitive and truly subtle study of the original, for Lord Byron has left the measure and effect of Werner's temptation in some obscurity:—

JOSEPHINE.

Yet one question—

What hast thou done?

WER. (*fiercely*).Left one thing undone, which
Had made all well; let me not think of it!
Away!

It is not quite clear whether Werner does not regret, in the passion of the moment, the opportunity, of which Ulric ultimately avails himself, of ridding himself of Stralenheim, or whether—as in Mr. Irving's imaginative reading—he realizes the full horror of his temptation and the significance of his escape. The actor's power of subdued concentrated expression was finely manifested in the swift interchange of dialogue between Stralenheim and Werner, when the rapid facial changes that accompanied his cold, half-contemptuous replies to Stralenheim's questioning suggested with wonderful delicacy the constraint and torture of the situation. The welcome of Ulric in the first act, the meeting of Werner and his son the morning after the murder,

and the effective scene between the two in the last act when Werner describes the sudden reappearance of Gabor during the thanksgiving service, were productive of not a few striking touches of genius in the range and depth of emotional power shown by Mr. Irving. In the pretty scene that precedes the impressive climax, when Werner listens to the artless confidence of Ida, the pathos of the situation was finely rendered by the mingled tenderness and remorse of the actor's tone. His delivery of the noble remonstrance addressed to Ulric, "He says too much in saying this," was marked by a grave and sorrowful intensity that dignified the poet's eloquence. But it was in the supreme scene of anguish, when Siegendorf hears the cynical avowal of Ulric's guilt, and his still more cynical justification, that Mr. Irving surpassed the passionate intensity of his acting previously. The despairing cry of the heart-broken father, the inarticulate moans that followed the first outbreak of sobs, the shrinking warped figure of the once august old man, realizes with inconceivable force the instantaneous nature of the transformation and its piteous desolation.

Miss Ellen Terry, as Josephine, was indeed admirable in all that the part demands, and, it is needless to say, transgressed in no way the well-set limits of her part. Miss Emery gave an agreeable rendering of the ingenuous maiden, Ida Stralenheim. The Gabor of Mr. Wenman was a manly, consistent, and well-tempered representation, though the actor's expostulation with Stralenheim was expressed by action that was much too familiar. No feudal baron would endure the pointed finger and scornful gesticulation of Mr. Wenman's Gabor, to say nothing of his unmannerly proximity to so noble a personage. Mr. Alexander showed power and individuality as Ulric. Though he carried petulance to excess in the opening scene of the last act, his interpretation as a whole displayed a sound conception of the part, and his acting discriminating spirit. In the original play the humours of Idenstein are more pronounced and varied than in the Lyceum adaptation, and this is somewhat unfortunate for those who bewail the prevalent gloom of *Werner*. But Mr. Howe was, of course, excellent as Idenstein. It is needful only to add that the minor parts were capably filled, and that Dr. Westland Marston's graceful and appropriate speech, acknowledging the efforts of those concerned in organizing this benefit performance, brought a memorable event to a happy conclusion.

A TRAITOR-TENANT.

LIST to the story of bad Mr. Kennedy;
Hear how he treated good Mr. P-r-n-l-l.
Hardly, I think, shall you come across, any day,
Tale more distressing than that which I tell.

Kennedy held twenty acres of grazing land,
Which for his herds was exactly the thing;
Fair was his rent, though 'tis awkward appraising land
Leased to a man by his Uncrowned King.

Still, if we look at the pasture and fodder it
Yields, and the profit that Kennedy gleans,
Fifty-five pounds by the year seems a moderate
Rent for a grazier of Kennedy's means.

Rightly believing the holding would carry more,
Kerr, the King's agent, some years having sped,
Called on the tenant to quit it for Garrymore—
Forty-four acres at sixty—instead.

Kennedy murmured (presumption astonishing!),
Saw not his way the affair to arrange;
Deaf to all reason, reproof, and admonishing,
Kennedy flatly declined the exchange.

Here was an infamous act of disloyalty!
Here was an Irishman, wholly unknown,
Daring, forsooth, to protest against Royalty
Doing what Royalty liked with its own.

Easy, however, the means of defeating him,
Kennedy soon, with amazement struck dumb,
Found his fat cattle assembled and greeting him
All at his door in the street of Rathdrum.

Forced by this step to accept the new tenancy,
What does he do but hold on for a year,
Thinking "I'll pay um no rent for ut then, and see
How he will act with two gales in arrear."

Justly incensed at this gross immorality,
Mr. P-r-n-l-l no alternative saw,
Save that the Court which controls the locality
Straight should eject him by process of law.

Now for the fellow's unblushing audacity,
Now, if you please, for his treachery base,
He to cry out upon landlord's "rapacity"!
He to proclaim the deserts of his case!

True that his "wrong" is like hundreds of "villanies"
Landlords commit of which tenants complain;
True that this act of his chief, Mr. D-I-I-n is
Bound to oppose with his Plan of Campaign.

What does that matter to those whom we slander in
Calling them "stewed in their Parnellite juice"?
Who is it thinks to find sauce for the gander in
Sauce that has served you to season the goose?

Who has not heard of the man who may lawfully
"Lift" you a horse as of clear privilege?
While the law's hand o'er another hangs awfully
Who but surveys it from over the hedge.

REVIEWS.

CREIGHTON'S HISTORY OF THE PAPACY—VOLS. III. & IV.*

THE author of this History merely renders justice to himself when, on the first page of the Preface to the two volumes now before us, he claims the credit of having striven to treat the period with which they are concerned "with the same sobriety as any other period," and again, with almost solemn reiteration, dwells on his attempt "to found a sober view of the time on a sober criticism of its authorities." For the sobriety to which Canon Creighton appears to have pledged himself when he began to put some of the results of his researches into an enduring form is a rarer thing than even that continence of speech which is desirable in all historians, though it has occasionally been little honoured in the observance by writers both of and on the Reformation age. He resolutely refuses to deal with the personages belonging to an historical period as if they could be viewed distinctly from the age to which they belonged, as if their growth could be severed from the fibres of its roots, as if, for instance—to use one of his own illustrations—Cesare Borgia and his father could be really "detached from their place in history" in the way in which it has pleased the thoughtlessness of posterity to detach them. Combined with this settled habit of forming rational judgments, there is observable in Mr. Creighton a refreshing absence of "point of view." He is certainly deficient neither in sympathy—witness his genuinely interesting picture of Savonarola, in the very impotence of whose isolation he recognizes the typical human significance of a thus not wholly wasted martyrdom—nor in humour, as is shown by his references to the genial interest taken by the Romans in the family happiness of more than one of their Pontiffs as a paterfamilias. But he does not think it necessary or even expedient to improve such occasions. No age has been so persistently, if we may venture on the expression, called over the coals as that of the later Renaissance, always with the single-minded intent of enforcing some valuable lesson, ethical or rethetical, not to say directly theological or purely literary. And yet there is hardly any age which furnishes the narrator with more materials ready to his hand for allowing it to speak for itself than this extremely valuable and curiously introspective epoch. Never has the desire for fame, glory, notoriety been more rife; never has the desire to impose upon contemporaries more greedily coupled itself with a hankering after the honours which posterity alone can bestow; never, on the other hand, have the pens of historians and memoir-writers been more conscious of their privilege of marvelling while they profess to make; never has the inimitable spleen of Tacitus been more eagerly imitated by latter-day envy, hatred, and malice. It is, therefore, the critical faculty of which the modern historian of this period stands almost pre-eminently in need; and it is fortunately precisely in this faculty that Canon Creighton is conspicuously strong. He is capable of exerting it against the generalities of modern critics as well as against the gossip of contemporary diarists; thus, while he can rise from a perusal of Burchard with a rather more favourable notion than he had previously entertained of Alexander VI., he can perceive that the nepotism of the Italian pope-princes was not only a personal weakness on their part, but also a political necessity of the system of which they were the agents.

Even to a reader fresh from Mr. Creighton's first and second volumes, full of humiliations and bitterness as is the period of Papal history treated in them, his present canvas would seem strangely narrow. A half-century, however, or something less, of sanguine effort and pitiable failure fully suffices for demoralizing an ensuing period of the same extent; nor could anything be more ironically instructive than the history of the Church of Rome, as distinct from that of the Papacy, during the four-and-fifty years covered by the present volumes. The Popes, from Paul II. onwards—who, at all events, attempted to abolish the College of Abbreviators and was, oddly enough, threatened by its most distinguished member with a General Council—down to the Pontiffs who presided over that of the Lateran—all felt bound to acknowledge in principle the necessity of an ecclesiastical reformation. But in Italy at least the perfunctory homage which they thus paid to purity and progress provoked no enthusiasm at all; while the attempts made there during this period to force

reform upon the Papacy were either hopelessly feeble or manifestly mere political manoeuvres. Early in his third volume Mr. Creighton gives a curious account of the proceedings of Andrew, Archbishop of Krain, the ecclesiastic (a Slav by birth) who tried on his own account to revive the Council of Basel, in the teeth of Pope Sixtus IV. The attempt of this prelate is treated less seriously by Mr. Creighton than it is even by Maurenbrecher in his recent *History of the Catholic Reformation*, where, by the way, Zuccalmaglio is rather oddly called "Bishop of Crain in Epirus" (Mr. Freeman and Mr. Arthur Evans should look to this); and it is clear that its chief historical significance consists in the alarm with which it inspired the Pope, and in the cool curiosity with which its results were awaited by the citizens of Basel. The Archbishop, before he perpetrated his *coup manqué*, was, according to Mr. Creighton, "lucky enough to find a clever secretary in Peter Numagen, a notary of Trier." He was also unlucky enough to find in the same personage his historiographer, and to be described by him as "*cerebro læsus, non sui compos, sed amens in parte, vere amente periculosior nihil sibi prospexit*." It is strange that, like the more famous Florentine whose eventful story is told in this book, the Archbishop of Krain should have been a Dominican; but in his case it was another Dominican who denounced him as a schismatic. From the successor of Sixtus IV., Innocent VIII., the Pope whose personal insignificance so admirably fitted a difficult situation that his election was managed in a single night, no reforms could be really expected; the Augustinian General bitterly said of him that "he was elected in darkness, he lives in darkness, and in darkness he will die." During his brief pontificate there were some manifestations at Rome of the spirit of moral uneasiness upon which the preachings and prophesings of Savonarola were soon to work at Florence; but they did not penetrate as far as the Curia, which had at no previous period been plunged more deeply into corruption and fraud. Neither in this respect nor in that of social morality could a much lower depth be reached under the pontiff who on his election "took the name of the Invincible Alexander"; and there is probably much truth in Mr. Creighton's paradox that the exceptional infamy of this Pope was largely due to the fact of his being no hypocrite. Even Alexander VI., however—which is our present point—began with excellent intentions as to Curial reforms; but his private interests soon proved too strong for such thoughts, nor did his early popularity suffer by his abandonment of them. His dealings with Savonarola are very far from suggestive of any intolerant objections on the Pope's part to the evangelical enthusiasm of the friar. He objected to the policy in which Savonarola had supported the Florentines, and probably troubled himself uncommonly little concerning the doctrine of the *Compendium Revelationum*. After he had prohibited Savonarola's preaching, he seems to have winked at his re-entering the pulpit; and for a time he even ignored unmistakable signs of a spirit of revolt against his own Papal authority. The ultimate suppression of Savonarola was, so far as the Pope was concerned, due to the reformer's identification of himself with the counter-alliance between Florence and France. In the pontificate of Julius II. it might seem as if the religious question had at last again come into the foreground; but, in truth, its prominence at this time was even more distinctly due to political causes than its obscurity had been in the ignominious days of the keen-eyed Sixtus IV. and the outspoken Alexander VI. When Sixtus had launched a Bull against the Florentines for disappointing the chief of his nephews, Girolamo Riario, by the failure of the conspiracy of the Pazzi, their canonists retorted by an appeal to a General Council, which was supported by Lewis XI. of France after the Pope had decided upon war. So, again, Charles VIII., who, by the way, plays a sufficiently contemptible figure in Mr. Creighton's narrative, had resorted to the same weapon, when in 1498 Pope Alexander's quarrel with Florence, the only Italian ally of France, had come to a crisis. The course adopted in 1510 by Lewis XII. against Julius II. and his audacious *volte-face* from the policy of the League of Cambrai had, therefore, nothing original in it, and seemed to Machiavelli a very ineffective attempt to clear the political atmosphere by mere ecclesiastical opposition thunder. The Synod of Tours led almost inevitably to the Council of Pisa, and this could in its turn be overtrumped in no other way so ready as that of the Lateran Council. The civilized world—and it must be remembered that this part of the world has never deemed itself more highly civilized than it did in the beginning of the sixteenth century—has rarely assisted at a more solemn mockery, notwithstanding the small modicum of practical reforms which was put on record rather than achieved by the Lateran Council before it was dissolved by Leo X. Pursuing the antecedents of the Reformation movement backwards, as the student is naturally apt to do, he is likely to lose sight of the fact which is made very clear by Mr. Creighton's unvarnished narrative. Nobody had really wanted the Council but the Pope who summoned it as a political manoeuvre; and hardly any one benefited by it but the Pope, who kept it alive till he had effected his sagacious bargain with the French King. The episcopacy was not really strengthened, nor were the privileges of the Orders effectively pruned, by its decrees; at the most, it in some measure stirred the existing stagnation, and may perhaps be held to have nurtured the nucleus of a reforming party in the Sacred College, such as we find in existence after all the changes which had befallen the College during the pontificate of Leo X.

It does not, of course, follow that because the Popes of this period were one and all more or less indifferent to the religious

* *A History of the Papacy during the Period of the Reformation.* By M. Creighton. Vols. III. & IV.—The Italian Princes. 1464-1518. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1887.

significance of their office, they failed to make free use of the spiritual armoury with which it furnished them. On this circumstance Canon Creighton might perhaps have more strongly insisted; since, unless we mistake, it accounts for much of the hatred which the Papacy was accumulating against itself, both in the minds of men of the world and in those of simple folk. After all, though it is no doubt true that the Pope's position as the head of Christendom might occasionally be used by his adversaries in such a way as to interfere with his political schemes, there was not one of these Pope-princes who was not aware of the advantages which he derived from it. The tradition as to the intention of Alexander VI. to secularize the Papacy, which is so often vaguely repeated, finds no countenance in the present narrative, although it is pointed out that the establishment of such a power as this Pope desired for his son in Central Italy might have reduced the strength of the Papacy low enough to reduce it to an appendage to a new and vigorous dynasty. For the rest, already Ranke noted how the best observers of the times (the Venetians of course) were enabled to look with calm even upon the proceedings of Cesare Borgia by the reflection that all this would prove a mere "*foco di paglia, che poco dura*." His ultimate fate in nowise essentially differed from that of most of the other heroes of nepotism. And it is difficult to conceive but that even the most unspiritual of these Popes was to some extent influenced by the glamour of his own spiritual claims. Neither Sixtus VI. when he hurled his Interdict at the Florentines, nor Julius II. when he made Peter Martyr's hair stand on end at the tremendous diction of his Bull of Excommunication against Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, could have felt himself altogether, or even essentially, a temporal prince. And we feel by no means sure that Mr. Creighton is correct in suggesting that Maximilian's insight into the unpriestliness of the contemporary Popes may have encouraged him in his strange notion of reuniting the Papacy and the Empire in his own person. The late Mr. Brewer and others have so persistently brought out the huckstering side in Maximilian's character that it is becoming unusual to overlook the fact that he was after all a very romantic person. On the other hand, it seems certain, as Mr. Creighton observes, that about this time the independent course of action taken by Julius II. might have seriously imperilled the Temporal Power, had there been any real statesmanlike force among his opponents. When it is remembered that less than a generation afterwards the Spanish counsellors of Charles V. were actually urging him to secularize the temporal domains of his Papal prisoner, we may truly reflect with Gregorovius on the wondrous escapes of the Temporal Power before its fate has overtaken it in these latter days of our own. Of this fate the conflict between the Temporal Power and the national idea of course helps to supply the explanation; and nothing is more obvious from a review of the period discussed in these volumes than the total absence from it of any conflict of the kind. And this, of course, for the reason that, in Mr. Creighton's words, the Italians had no sense of national unity in this age—not so much as to be stirred by the invasion of Charles VIII. Besides, had it been otherwise, the policy of the Popes, dictated by their dynastic interests, would usually have fallen in with the national antipathy against the foreigner. On the other hand, nothing could be more uncritical than to regard this as a proof of the Italian patriotism of these prince-Popes. Upon the policy of Alexander Borgia, of whom it is not customary to take ideal views, and who, moreover, was a Spaniard, no one is likely to place such an interpretation; but it is not, we imagine, unusual to credit the author of the Holy League with patriotic intentions, albeit he was likewise the author of the League of Cambrai. On this subject Mr. Creighton has some excellent remarks, which we regret to have no space for quoting; elsewhere, in summarizing the very remarkable character of Julius II., he argues that the work of his pontificate was nothing either more or less, for good or for ill, than the foundation of the States of the Church, and that this foundation itself, though we may regard it as an ignoble episode in the history of the Papacy, is none the less an integral part of its development.

This, if we may venture to say so, is the historian's way of treating an historical period—a way which unfortunately readers who like to divide men and their doings, like the figures of a chessboard, into white and black frequently fail to appreciate. In the present instance it furnishes at the same time the key to the difficulty (should it seem such) that a chapter in many respects exceptional in the history of the Papacy yet harmonizes so remarkably with the general history of the period to which it belongs. In the languid tolerance which characterizes the Italy, and especially the Rome, of this age, we seem already to perceive the sure announcement of both Reformation and counter-Reformation. Mr. Creighton relates the history of Alexander VI. with his usual imperturbability; and both in text and in appendices, we need hardly say, does everything in his power to disappoint the reader who wishes to sup full on horrors; but far more significant than any anecdote from diaries or *relazioni* is a naïve quotation from Sigismondo de' Conti, blaming the attempt to induce Charles VIII. to make capital out of the Pope's moral irregularities. "The French," he writes, "and those who dwell in the remoter parts of Christendom, think the Pope is not like other men, but is like one sent down from Heaven," &c. &c. We Italians, such is the palpable implication, know better, and deem it distinctly unfair to let moral considerations enter into serious politics. Rome was distinguished by other kinds of tolerance than this the most ignoble of all; and we agree

with Mr. Creighton that "those who find in the revolt against the Papacy the beginnings of an era of free thought and free inquiry" would do well to look at such cases as that of Pomponazzi, whose book on the Immortality of the Soul was thought inoffensive at the Court of Leo X., and who was himself buried at the expense of a Cardinal in Bologna. Yet even in such a tolerance as this, based upon a resolute distinction between the region of thought and the region of belief, there was involved the most serious danger of a reaction. Happily, it is unnecessary to make the same assertion as to yet a third kind of tolerance, of which a signal instance must be placed to the credit of Alexander VI.—namely, his concession of a refuge at Rome to the Marrani, Jews or Moors driven from Spain by the Inquisition.

Instead of encumbering his narrative with many notes of great length, Mr. Creighton has preferred to discuss his sources, as well as special matters of detail, in a series of appendices which form not the least valuable part of his work. We should have been glad to say a word on some of these points, many of which possess considerable, while some have even a "sensational" kind of, interest. But we were primarily anxious to express our unqualified admiration of the historian's treatment of his subject as a whole, which entitles us anew to congratulate the University of Cambridge on its Professor of Ecclesiastical History.

NOVELS.*

BARRINGTON DE WITT was a gentleman and a soldier, true and light of heart, free from guile and very sensitive to the claims of good name and honour. It was some time before he won the heart of Eleanor Lingwood, for that young lady was an heiress, and had been taught to believe that any attentions paid to herself were really aimed at the *beaux yeux de sa cassette*. Experience had come to the aid of her stepfather's lessons, and had revealed to her the fact that one professedly passionate adorer had spoken of her behind her back as "*Miss Moneybags*." But the girl had a fine nature though her uncongenial surroundings had somewhat warped it. Her stepfather was a just and an honest man, fond of money, harsh in temper and morose in manner. Her stepbrother was loose in his morals, sulky, dissipated, ungenerous, and vindictive:—"It had been somewhat of a misfortune to Nell Lingwood that, amongst those who had surrounded her from childhood, not one had by the strength of his or her character been able to command her obedience; and she had become somewhat too much inclined to rely upon her own opinion and to act upon her own judgment. She was not by nature stubborn, or even headstrong; but she was a keen reader of character and a stern, uncompromising critic, and had long ago made up her mind that to none of those around her would she pay the tribute of that respect which is the parent of a willing submission." Her mother was kind and affectionate in her way, but weak and shallow. When she married Mr. Brereton she and Nell gradually drifted away from one another. There was much mutual good feeling between them, but little or no sympathy. When, therefore, her bright, honest-hearted lover has scarcely won her ear to his suit before he is convicted of murder, sentenced to death, and had his punishment commuted to penal servitude for life, it will be easily conceived that the poor girl had a cruelly hard time of it. From Mr. Brereton she had no kindness or sympathy to expect. And even her mother thought that the merciful commutation of De Witt's sentence from death to lifelong imprisonment was an arrangement which ought to satisfy all parties, whether her embryo son-in-law were guilty or not of the crime brought home to him. "According to her not strictly logical class of mind that was just how things should be. A man, certainly guilty of murder, should be executed; certainly innocent, should be acquitted; but if a case be 'not proven,' he had better be imprisoned for life. It would be a most foolish and unwise thing to allow any one who might possibly have been guilty of a crime of violence to go about at large. This was her course of reasoning, and there are many who reason like her."

We will not discount our readers' pleasure in hunting down for themselves the game, which it is our duty only to start for them, by telling them how it was that a wise judge and an intelligent jury were convinced, beyond the possibility of a peradventure, that Barrington de Witt had committed a murder, in which, of course, he had neither art nor part. Wise judges and intelligent juries in so many novels are satisfied with evidence which is not at all conclusive to plainer folk. This encourages the readers of the novels to think perhaps more highly than they ought of their own wisdom and intelligence, and is apt to engender in their minds a want of confidence in the official administrators of justice. While De Witt was eating his heart out at Portland, striving against temptations to suicide, and behaving so well on the whole (his throttling of a warder and his very illogical arguments with the chaplain being only momentary and excusable aberrations)

* *Driven before the Storm*. By Gertrude Forde, Author of "A Lady's Tour in Corsica" &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

Memoirs of Jeremy Diddler the Younger. By the Author of the "New Democracy" &c. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co.

An Algonquin Maiden. By G. Mercer Adam and A. Ethelwyn Wetherald. London: Sampson Low & Co.

My Own Love Story. By Henry M. Trollope. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

that he was made a hospital attendant in the prison, Nell Lingwood, brave and unswerving in her loyalty to the man she loved and in her sure and certain faith in his innocence, cut off from all communion of feeling with her own family, would perhaps have succumbed to her great sorrow but for the wise, tender sympathy of De Witt's aunt Judy. Let not our readers suppose that Miss Judy Collyer was as most men's aunts, who are generally either grand and stately, sour and waspish, commonplace and worldly, or weepful and sentimental, but almost always of a certain age. The sister of De Witt's mother was fairly young and very pretty, fond of society, a capital dancer who loved dancing, a woman with a pure mind, a wise head, and a warm heart. We resist the sore temptation to quote for our readers the pretty story of her rejection of Sir Simon De Witt, the knightly, courteous gentleman for whose sake we are almost angry with her when she smiles upon the suit of that good fellow the Honourable John Ponsonby. She chose a right good husband, but we like Sir Simon best, and we rather enjoy the way in which her friend Marion Keith snapped at her when she heard of the engagement, though we are perhaps secretly glad that Aunt Judy had the best of the argument. "What do you mean, Judith Collyer, after remaining single all these years, by marrying a man half your age and height?" Judith's face flushed crimson. "I am three years older than he is, and he is nearly four inches taller than I am." The widow continues her lecture on the unwisdom of her friend's choice. "I am not afraid," said Judith quietly. "We must quote the postscript of one of Mrs. Ponsonby's letters to her husband. He had run abroad to smooth matters for De Witt and Nell after the real criminal's confession had liberated the former from prison. She wrote to Mr. Ponsonby that all was going smoothly, 'but what will old Brereton say?' The Honourable John wrote back, 'Old B. may go to the devil for aught I care. Give my love to the other couple of fools.' She sends a decently long letter to her husband in reply, with this addendum after the signature:—'P.S. It's not right, but it's very sweet of you to send old B. to the d—.' We have omitted to speak a kindly word of farewell to one of the *dramatis personæ*, who talks little and whose exits and entrances are few, but for whom we have as kindly a feeling as for any one in the book. Waif takes possession of our heart from the moment of our first introduction to him, when De Witt rescues him from the waiter at Capri. A volume could not bring more clearly before us the callous nature of an Italian's instinctive cruelty to animals than the few sentences in which the author describes the contempt of the hotel servants for the English officer's imbecile humanity. Waif was as true and loyal as his master and his master's sweetheart. When De Witt went to prison, he transferred much of his love to Nell Lingwood, but he never loved her quite so well as he loved an old shooting-jacket of his old master's which had been left behind in the Brereton's house. *Driven before the Storm* is not a particularly strong book, but it is distinctly interesting. The story is told very brightly and pleasantly, the tone is pure and high, and most readers will rise from its perusal in a good humour with the world, the author and themselves.

Hélène De Brezzy was "a rare girl, with flower-like curves and colours; her dress, wreathed flame-like from warm white shoulders to satin-shod feet, lay in rich glowing length upon the waxed and polished floor; her beautiful head, too heavily weighted with braids and coils of raven blackness, swayed slumberously upon the dainty white neck"; and "from this gracious figure was exhaled invisible radiations—the luxurious sense of refined womanliness." In spite, or perhaps because of, this warm and ungrammatical rhapsody the *Algonquin Maiden* would appear to be the joint production of two kindly honest-hearted school-boys. The love-making between Hélène De Brezzy and Edward Macleod is very funny; so is the young gentleman's temporary inconstancy and infatuation for Wanda, an Indian girl of mixed Huron and Algonquin blood, who wears wampum and beads, and all that sort of thing, but who has much more the appearance of a foolish, headstrong, "pale face" girl in masquerade than a daughter of the red man. Edward Macleod is an officer in the army, and has a father, an old commodore, who wears moustaches, in King William IV.'s reign, and whom his full-grown son always addresses and speaks of as *Papa*. Young Macleod's sister Rose has a lover called Allan Dunlop, who is an ardent Radical reformer. The novel is more than half-political, and the scene is laid some sixty odd years ago, when, in the opinion of the authors, "Constitutional Government, even in the mother land, was not yet fully attained." Perhaps no two pairs of lovers do their billing and cooing in exactly the same language, but if the courtship between young Dunlop and the daughter of the old Tory commodore does not run precisely on all fours with that of Edward Macleod and Hélène De Brezzy, it is in its way quite as quaint and curious. Though the authors call their work "a romance of the early days of Canada," and though Indian men and women are introduced into its pages, and even a real Governor and his wife, Sir Peregrine and Lady Sarah Maitland, are, with very questionable taste, made to figure among the fictitious personages, and even to take a prominent part in the dénouement of the tale, Messrs. Adam and Wetherald have not contrived to give their romance much local colour. The tone of the book is good throughout, no light merit in these days.

Jeremy Diddler the younger is an autobiographical scamp, who brings his roguery to a much better market than the model autobiographical scamp of whom, by his absolute dissimilarity, he faintly reminds us, Robert Stubbs, the hero of *The Fatal Boots*.

Poor Stubbs is left starving, friendless, and exposed. The younger Diddler prospers in everything, marries a rich wife, and, when he makes his parting bow to the reader, he has just made it to a deputation of his Parliamentary constituents, who have presented him with a highly flattering address. As a *jeu d'esprit* this book is much too long. The perpetual forced irony, which might be tolerable in a magazine article, becomes almost insufferably wearisome when we are called upon to read two volumes full of it. And it is only here and there, as in the advertisements of old Joe Cluppinshaw, that the fun is really very funny. What poor stuff this is, for instance. Mr. Diddler means to tell us that he was entered on the rolls as a solicitor. "The Law Institution had flatteringly informed me that I had passed in my final examination—I was second on the list starting from the bottom; the Inland Revenue authorities had cordially granted me a certificate to practise in return for a small contribution to the pressing wants of the country, and I was entitled to assuage the philanthropical ardour of my heart by assuming the functions of a licensed lawyer." The following excellent profession of political morality is attributed by Mr. Diddler to himself, but internal evidence would seem to show that he must have plagiarized it from the utterances of a statesman even more eminent:—

I issued my electioneering programme in all simpleness of mind, looking forward hopefully to success, and feeling proud of my strong opinions. But it was very imprudent, as it turned out, and many a time after my opinions had considerably changed did the spectre of this address appear in my mind, and reproach me with the divergence in my views which a few years had wrought. Hence I have made it a point in later years never to assert an opinion upon anything without adding two or three apparently innocent provisos, which may enable me, in case circumstances bring about a change of opinion, to prove that it was clearly foreshadowed in my first utterance.

The hero of *My Own Love Story* is a singularly kindly and amiable young gentleman, who, having won the affections of a singularly kindly and amiable young lady, will, we have no reason to doubt, make a very obliging and obsequious husband. There is a pleasing frankness about Walter Halifax which prevents any *suppression veri*, as well as any *assertio falsi*, in his reminiscences. He puts aside all reticence in describing to the reader the manner in which on any particular occasion he takes his tub or brushes his hair. He scorns to blink the fact that at the buffet at Amiens he "drank a glass of beer standing," while his uncle had a cup of coffee. Other men may have had a more romantic love-tale to tell, but few could tell it more straightforwardly and honestly than Walter Halifax tells his. He assures us, too, that it is "quite true." We are glad to know this, for so single-minded and guileless a gentleman deserves all the good fortune that has befallen him.

LIFE OF AGNES STRICKLAND.*

THE affectionate devotion of a surviving sister has consecrated a volume of biography to the memory of Miss Agnes Strickland, who is so well known as the author of many popular works, of which the *Lives of the Queens of England* was the most important. In this she was associated with and assisted by her sister Elizabeth, to whom also a portion of the present book, from their literary connexion, unavoidably relates. The parts of the *Lives* respectively contributed by each sister are now indicated, and it is said that the Queen in reading them was enabled by the difference of their styles of writing to discover that they were the production of two different authors. To both sisters a long term of life was granted. Agnes died in 1874, at the age of seventy-eight, and Elizabeth followed her in the next year, at the age of eighty. They belonged to an old family of some historical note, at the head of which were the Stricklands of Sizergh Castle, whose adherence to the religious faith of their ancestors sometimes led to the supposition that their distant relative, the principal historian of the Queens, was also a member of the Roman Catholic community, and occasioned the imputation that her championship of Mary Queen of Scots and her Jacobite tendencies were due to religious prejudice, and detracted from her credit as an impartial writer. The father of the family, of which Agnes Strickland was one, was a Suffolk squire, apparently of good position, the advantages of which, much enhanced by her own literary reputation, were enjoyed by her throughout her life. She habitually attended the Queen's Drawing Rooms, and had many attached friends in all ranks of life, at whose houses in London and the country she was always a welcome and honoured visitor. She seems to have loved society, of which there is much lively description, as an agreeable relaxation from hard work, and to have well appreciated the attentions shown to her, especially when she obtained access to residences of historical interest, and to the muniments and documents contained in them. Nor was she above the wholesome feminine vanity of liking to be well dressed and admired, and she was as far as possible removed from the typical and traditional "blue-stocking" who still flourished in her own younger days. Her literary career commenced, as is so often the case, with poetry, original and translated, children's books, and contributing to the annuals which at that time offered reception for a certain amount of elegant, but mostly ephemeral, literature. Finally, there was taken up the more serious work on the *Lives of the Queens of England*

* *Life of Agnes Strickland*. By her Sister, Jane Margaret Strickland. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1887.

and its sequels, which, with additions, revisions, new editions and abridgments, constituted the main occupation of the sisters for very many years. The publication was undertaken by Colburn on the old and illusory system of so-called half-profits, and the account of what took place between him and the sister-authors is curious and instructive, and throws a light upon the nature of such transactions, which, however, after what has recently been done in the interests of authors, in their dealings with the producers of their books, is now hardly as useful as it would otherwise have been. They made an improvident and imperfect agreement, and would have been in great difficulties if a legal friend had not come to their rescue, and if the non-appearance of Elizabeth's name on the title-page had not left her clear to make better terms for her sister and herself, at a time when the work could not have been carried on without her co-operation. Another change and improvement may be noted in the fact that the sisters were at first not permitted to seek the materials for their work in the Record Office, whereas now it is open, with very slight and reasonable restrictions, to all who desire to prosecute historical researches among the national archives. Guizot in France and Lingard in England are reported as having read the first volume of the "*Queens of the Queens of England*" terminate with Queen Anne, and the sisters resolutely refused to listen to the tempting offers of Colburn, their publisher, to continue them so as to take in the Queens of the House of Brunswick, which they very loyally considered could not be done with due consideration of respect to Queen Victoria. The disputes between Caroline, the consort of George II., and Prince Frederick of Wales must have been described; and there was another Caroline, the history of whose life and conduct would have neither redounded to the credit of royalty nor have been especially suitable for treatment by female pens, although they had been exercised upon equally uncongenial subjects in times more removed from the present, and must have had to deal with even more repulsive matter in connexion with the lives of some of her predecessors. This, however, is one of the reasons assigned for the conclusion of the work at the point beyond which it was not thought desirable to carry it.

For the *Lives of the Queens of Scotland* many visits were made to friends in that country, and, of course, most especially for the sake of being on the tracks of Mary Stuart. All the localities were inspected which were in any way connected with her, and many interesting Stuart relics were produced by their owners for examination and devoted reverence.

There is an amusing account of a certain lady of rigid Presbyterian principles who, being well versed in controversial divinity, conceived that she had a call to convert the Pope from the error of his ways, and who actually went to Rome with that object. His Holiness naturally declined a personal interview, but deputed a Scots chaplain to argue with the champion of Protestantism. He was a shrewd man of the world, and got upon a good footing with the lady before the commencement of their religious controversy by adroit inquiries about old friends and acquaintances. She began the attack by asserting that the mystic Babylon of the Revelations, sitting on the seven hills, was Rome, and, if not, by asking what other city could stand for it. This thrust was at once parried by the naming of Edinburgh, which, "you know, sits on seven hills"—of which the gentleman could give a good account, as he was himself a native of that city. Then said the lady, "You must know that the Man of Sin is the Pope"; but this was met by the counter-assertion that the Man of Sin was John Knox. And so, after two more argumentations, the poor lady was herself converted, and in a fortnight was admitted to the bosom of the Romish Church.

From Althorpe, one of the many great houses at which Miss Agnes Strickland was a guest, she was taken to see the lunatic asylum at Northampton, and there conversed with the poet-peasant Clare, who wrote a few lines in honour of her visit. But he complained that he could not write poetry, because his head had been cut off, and all the letters of the alphabet picked out of it. When asked which he liked best, literature or his former avocation, he vehemently replied:—"I liked hard work best; I was happy then. Literature has destroyed my head and brought me here."

The Mr. Quinlinnan mentioned as having been seen at Rydal Mount must have been Quinlivan, Wordsworth's son-in-law; and "*Scathewater*," which is named as having been passed in going from Ambleside to Keswick, cannot be recognized in the maps of the Lake Country or explained. "*Cette à rien*" is not French for "this (pocket) has nothing in it," nor was it Mme. Molé who used to hold the last of the old Parisian salons in the Rue du Bac. Accents are sometimes too carelessly left to perch over letters upon which they ought never to have been suffered to alight.

ENGLAND UNDER THE ANGEVIN KINGS.*

MANY of the friends of the late Mr. J. R. Green must remember how at one period of his life he looked forward to writing a History of England under the Angevin Kings as a con-

tinuation of Mr. Freeman's *Norman Conquest*. Gradually, however, he became conscious that he had other work to do; he marked out a new line for himself, and produced the book that first made his talents known to the world. Nevertheless, the subject from which he had turned with such happy results did not lose its attraction for him, and he handed it over to one who had caught his early enthusiasm for it, and whose first attempts to grapple with it were encouraged by his sympathy and help. Had he been spared to see the accomplishment of the task he first suggested to Miss Norgate, he would have had the satisfaction of knowing that his choice was justified. Of all the praise that should attend the memory of a scholar of earnest purpose, there is none so high as that it should be said that he had worthy disciples; that the book before us is, as we are informed in the Preface, the fruit of Mr. Green's suggestion, of his example, and, in a large measure, also of his teaching, will add to the honour in which his memory is already deservedly held. If, however, it may in one sense be said that in these volumes he yet speaketh, it must not be assumed that Miss Norgate has slavishly imitated his method of treatment. While she constantly reminds us of his picturesque power, her style is her own; it is sober and free from affectations, and her narrative is easy and pleasant to read. Her work has a good claim to be considered as a scholarly performance, but it is never dry or wearisome; she gives prominence to the biographical side of her subject, and describes her characters with vigour and discrimination. The original authorities for her period are numerous, and her volumes represent a vast amount of previous preparation; for it is evident that she has not merely consulted, but studied, her authors; she has used them with judgment, and her references are copious and intelligible. It is, we think, to be regretted that the title of her book does not correspond more accurately to its contents. The only objection to the use of the term "*Angevin Kings*" is that it is difficult to say when it ceases to be applicable. If we were called upon to decide, we should certainly draw the line between Henry III. and Edward I. Here, however, an Angevin King means a King of England, who was also Count of Anjou, and accordingly Miss Norgate brings her work to an end in the middle of the reign of John, with the loss of the King's continental dominions. Again, as England came into the hands of the Angevin dynasty at the accession of Henry II., the reader will naturally expect to find himself, after a moderate introduction, engaged on Henry's reign. He will not, however, arrive at 1154 until he has read four hundred pages, by far the larger part, of the first volume. The matter contained in these pages is excellent, but much of it belongs rather to a History of the Counts of Anjou than to any part of the History of England. In her opening sketch of England under Henry I. Miss Norgate appears to us to accept too hastily Mr. Green's theory that Æthelred the Unready "instituted a new office, under the title of high-reeve or high-reeve," which was the precursor of the Norman justiciarship; for there were many high-reeves at one time; and, though in the reign of Æthelred a single ealdorman held a place above them all, this predominance can be traced in earlier times in the titles "*Half-King*" and "*Patricius Consul*," borne by Æthelstan of East Anglia and Æthelweard of Wessex. After a slight notice of the administrative system, we have a pleasant description of several of the larger cities and towns of the kingdom, of the condition of the Church, and, lastly, of English monasticism, which is illustrated by the story of the recluse S. Godric and by the life and literary work of William of Malmesbury. In her chapters on early Angevin history Miss Norgate traces minutely the steps by which the rulers of what was at first a little marchland extended their power, mainly at the expense of the Counts of Blois, until Geoffrey Martel, "left without a rival," sought one in the Norman Duke, seized on Le Mans, and so entered on a struggle that was not brought to an end until Henry I., finding that his only hope of success against the allied strength of the French King and the Angevin Count lay in making peace with one of his adversaries, sent Matilda to be the wife of Geoffrey Plantagenet. The issue of the struggle between the Houses of Anjou and Blois, renewed in a new form in the war against Stephen, was largely decided by the personal characteristics of the Counts of the rival families. Of the Counts of Anjou Miss Norgate says:—

Nearly all of them were men of great and varied natural powers, gifted with a lofty military capacity and a deep political insight, and with a taste and a talent for all kinds of pursuits into which they threw themselves with the full ardour of their stirring, restless temper. Daring, but not rash; persevering, watchful, tenacious; sometimes seeming utterly unscrupulous, yet with an odd vein of irregular piety running through the characters of many of them, and coming to light in the strangest shapes and at the most unexpected moments; passionate almost as madmen, but with a method in their madness—the Angevin Counts were patriots in their way; for their chief end was aggrandizement, but it was the aggrandizement of Anjou as well as of themselves. They were not to be led away, like their rivals of Blois, by visionary schemes of merely personal promotion, involving neglect of their little home-county; they were proud and fond of their "*black Angers*," on its steep above the Mayenne, and never forgot that there was the centre whence their power was to spread to the ends of the earth.—I. 108.

Side by side with this passage should be read the description of the character of Count Odo and the House of Blois (p. 150). Besides this general sketch of the qualities that distinguished the Angevin line, the special characteristics of the rule of each Count, the far-seeing policy of Fulk the Red, the beneficent administration of the second Fulk, called the Good, and the fierce spirit and strenuous energy of Fulk the Black are brought out with considerable power.

* *England under the Angevin Kings*. By Kate Norgate. 2 vols. With Maps and Plans. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

While commending Miss Norgate's discretion in devoting little space to the plunderings and private warfare of the Anarchy, and dwelling on matters better worth recording, we are inclined to think that she has set aside too much as valueless. The account we have of the evil deeds of Geoffrey of Mandeville, for example, contains some points of interest, and the omission of any notice of the fatal policy pursued by the Empress in granting him the "farm" of Middlesex, and otherwise infringing the liberties of the Londoners, deprives the rising of the citizens against Matilda—one of the critical events of the war—of much of its significance. The restoration of order was mainly due to ecclesiastical influence—"The State was a wreck; the Church remained"—and this side of the history of the period, including the position held by Henry of Winchester, "before all things a Churchman and a monk," whose "political ideal was the ideal of the ecclesiastical statesman in the highest sense," the work and character of Archbishop Theobald, and Stephen's quarrel with the Cistercians, is admirably handled. If the personal habits, appearance, and temper of Henry II. had not already been portrayed by the master-hand of the Bishop of Chester, the description we have of them here would deserve special remark. Something, however, has been lost by neglecting the delightful stories of the King's dealings with St. Hugh to be found in the *Vita S. Hugonis*, and it is to be regretted that Miss Norgate has found it necessary to pass very lightly over one side of the characters of Henry and John; the licentiousness of the elder King had a bearing on the difficulties of his reign, for it was connected with his quarrel with the Queen, and John's immorality had still greater effects. Nor can we, in the face of a passage in the *Chronica* of Roger of Hoveden, admit that, "in a moral point of view," Richard returned "unstained" from his Crusade. The narrative of the struggle between Henry and Archbishop Thomas is carefully worked up from the seven volumes of *Materials* published in the Rolls series and other sources. At the same time we miss some particulars that give life to the story, such as the emotion exhibited by the Archbishop in the church of Vézelay, when he threatened the King by name ("voce quidem flebili et intensissimo compassionis affectu"). Indeed the great length of the introductory portion of these volumes has somewhat curtailed the space that might have been given to such matters. Nor do the questions involved in the story seem to us to receive adequate discussion. For example, we cannot admit that the comment of John of Salisbury on the conduct of Thomas during the secular portion of his career explains away the contrast between his life as Chancellor and as Archbishop. Sincere as he undoubtedly was, Thomas from the time of his consecration adopted a line of conduct utterly foreign to his own nature. While putting off the Chancellor and putting on the Archbishop he still remained the same man. He consciously tried to live up to the highest standard of ecclesiastical excellence, and his life of sacrifice was crowned by the martyr's death, for which he looked "not," we read here, "so much with a morbid presentiment as with a passionate longing"—the distinction is faulty, the "passionate longing" was morbid; like his saintly life, it was artificial, the product of an absorbing desire to excel in what may be called professional holiness. Miss Norgate does not tell the story of the martyrdom, considering that "it has been told so often that its details may well be spared here." This is a mistake in literary workmanship, while historically it deprives the reader of the light thrown on the character of the Archbishop by the strange mixture of violence and saintliness with which he met his death. In her work of the constitutional side of Henry's reign she has closely followed Bishop Stubbs, and she has done wisely, for it would be hard to improve on the preface to the *Gesta Henrici Secundi*. Possibly a consciousness of this has injured her treatment of the subject; at all events, clear and correct as it is, it strikes us as wanting in fulness and vigour. In this connexion some attempt should, we think, have been made to trace the interesting relations, other than the mere fact of a royal marriage, that existed between England and Sicily. We have searched in vain for the name of Thomas Brown, the Englishman of great authority both in the English Exchequer and the Sicilian Court. On the other hand, Henry's continental dominions and the policy he pursued with respect to each of them form the subject of a bright and interesting chapter. Miss Norgate has, of course, wisely declined to give the details of Richard's Crusade, which have no bearing on English history, and has devoted all her energies to the struggle against Longchamp, which she follows out with considerable skill. The contrast she draws between the justiciar, the nobly-born, stately, and popular Bishop of Durham, and William of Ely, the Chancellor, the man of Richard's making, an alien, the grandson, men said, of a French serf, crippled and misshapen in his body and insolent in his behaviour, is peculiarly happy. In dealing with the later years of Richard she lays special stress on the administrative work of Archbishop Hubert and the far-reaching policy of the King. For Richard was not a mere man-at-arms; he was the ablest politician of his day; he secured the election of his nephew Otto to the Imperial throne, and fenced in the French King with a hostile league of Flemish and Low German princes that rendered Philip powerless to help his Suabian ally, and might, had Richard had a worthy successor, have proved a permanent check upon him. As regards the value to be attached to the story of the second citation of John and the trial by the peers of France, Miss Norgate simply refers her readers to some brief remarks of Bishop Stubbs in his edition of Walter of Coventry; the question should have

been fully discussed in her own pages. It has lately been made the subject of a series of remarkably able articles by M. Charles Bémont in the *Revue Historique*. Miss Norgate's concluding chapter is devoted to a brightly written summary of the social and intellectual condition of the country during the last twenty-five years of her period. Although we have found some matters in her volumes that we wish were treated differently, they constitute a valuable addition to our historical literature, and present the result of much conscientious labour in a form that is at once scholarly and readable.

SUPPLEMENTAL ARABIAN NIGHTS.*

MANY years ago, when the late Edward Lane brought out the new translation of the *Arabian Nights*, old-fashioned people complained, first, that the names were altered beyond recognition in the new spelling, and second, that some of the best of Galland's stories (to wit, "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp" with "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves") were not to be found in the new reduction. From what source Galland obtained these and various other tales Lane, to the day of his death, remained ignorant; but certainly they were regrettably conspicuous in their absence from the text of the *Alf Laylah wa Laylah*, set forth in the editions of Bulak, Calcutta, and Breslau. In this matter Sir Richard Burton has had somewhat better chance. Diligent search has revealed to him an Arabic MS. in the French National Library, containing the text of "Aladdin," also that of another of the old popular tales—namely, "Prince Zayn-al-Asnam and the King of the Jinns," which had hitherto been sought in vain. There still remain some eight other of Galland's stories "which have not yet been traced to an Arabian source," and these, if we have understood Sir Richard Burton aright, he undertakes to supply us with, by the somewhat roundabout process of turning Galland's French into Arabic, and subsequently retranslating this into English that is to match in style his translation of the *Thousand and One* orthodox *Nights*. How all this will turn out cannot yet be said, since it is only Vols. IV. and V. that are to give us "Aladdin" and "Hajji Baba" and his compeers; these have not yet appeared.

Vols. I. and II. of the new series now before us contain a translation of the stories from the Breslau text not included in the Eastern editions of Cairo and Calcutta. "I can say little," writes Sir Richard, "for the style of the story-stuff contained in this Breslau text, which has been edited with phenomenal incuriousness. Many parts are hopelessly corrupted; whilst at present we have no means of amending the commissions and of supplying the omissions by comparison with other manuscripts. . . . Sundry of the tales are futile; the majority has little to recommend it, and not a few require a diviner rather than a translator. Yet they are valuable to students as showing the different sources and the heterogeneous materials from and of which the great *Saga-book* has been compounded." A careful perusal of the contents of these two volumes has certainly led us to praise the discretion of those who did not count them among the *Thousand and One Nights*. The stories are, with few exceptions, very short, and certainly, for the most part, they are extremely stupid. The first volume contains sixty-seven tales, out of which almost the only one that at all comes up to the standard of interest that is fairly maintained throughout the ten volumes of the "Nights" proper, is the first in the new volume—that of "The Sleeper and the Waker." Under the title of "Abou Hassan; or, the Sleeper Awakened," it has been a favourite with every child in Europe and America since Galland a century ago gave us the French version thereof, "with embellishments *more suo*." The leading incident we may quote from Sir Richard's translation to recall, if need be, to our readers' recollection the good old days of the *Nights' Entertainments*, when all could compass their heart's desire and get free from "cark and care":—

And quoth Abu al-Hasan, "Would Heaven I might be Caliph for one day and avenge myself on my neighbours, for that in my vicinity is a mosque and therein four Shaykhs, who hold it a grievance when there cometh a guest to me, and they trouble me with talk and worry me in words and menace me that they will complain of me to the Prince of True Believers, and indeed they oppress me exceedingly, and I crave of Allah the Most High power for one day, that I may beat each and every of them with four hundred lashes, as well as the Imam of the Mosque, and parade them round about the city of Baghdad and bid ery before them:—This is the reward, and the least of the reward, of whose exceedeth in talk and vexeth the folk and turneth their joy to annoy. This is what I wish, and no more." Said the Caliph, "Allah grant thee that thou sekest!"

How well Abu al-Hasan awakened from his sleep, and, Caliph for a day, did avenge himself on those "who troubled him with talk and worried him in words," need not here be detailed (one cannot help wishing they had told us what the Shaykhs thought about the lashes, and the parading, face to tail, "round about all the city"), but after "The Sleeper Awakened" is finished our entertainment comes to an end. The "Nights" are in their dotage. The endless anecdotes of quasi-historic origin in these volumes are nowise remarkable except by their brevity and their lack of wit. The tales of rollicking Arab humour, and the endless practical joking found in former volumes are ill replaced by these series of jejune anecdotes, in which an attempt at facetiousness is generally ushered in by some gratuitous and pointless piece of impropriety.

* *Supplemental Nights to the Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night*. With Notes, Anthropological and Explanatory. By Richard F. Burton. Vols. I. & II. Benares: Printed by the Kamashastra Society for private Subscribers only.

Even the translator, who is not apt to be squeamish, has a note in one place stating as his opinion that "it is not often the Nights are 'nasty'; but here is a case."

The major portion of these volumes is occupied by the three stories of "The Ten Wazirs," "King Shah Bakht and his Wazir," and "Bibars and the Sixteen Captains of Police," each of which includes a very long series of subordinate stories. To those engaged in tracing the connexion of the old fabliaux and the folklore of different nations these series of tales are interesting, though from a literary point of view they may be almost unreadable (we always observe, too, that any anecdote that is less than usually tedious is generally noted by the translator as a "réchauffé" of one to be found, better told, in a previous volume). The tale of "The Ten Wazirs," Sir Richard notes, is curious as marking the transition of the Persian romance of Bakhtiyâr into Arabic. A translation from the Turkish "History of the Forty Vizirs," the same story in other guise, has lately appeared in English dress; but there is still a version in Malay which, if we mistake not, yet awaits a translator. Both "The Ten Wazirs" and "King Shah Bakht" are, in a minor way, imitations, as far as regards the framework of the stories, of the great series of the "Nights" itself. In each the king's favourite, unjustly sentenced to death through calumny, obtains a respite from day to day by telling stories, just as did Shahrazâd, only not so cleverly. It is perhaps worth noting that the Bakhtiyâr Nâmeh somewhat diverges from the established usage. This was that, being sentenced to death, you told an interesting story, and concluded with the words, "nor is this stranger than the story of So-and-so." The natural curiosity of the king would then make it desirable that the execution should not take place before the next night, when the new story was told, ending again with a promise of yet a "stranger" recital. Bakhtiyâr, however, takes higher ground; he does not attempt to spin entertaining yarns; he boldly relates moral tales, "distinctly designed to exhibit the evils of hasty judgments and precipitate conduct." And surely it is a wonder that the king did not execute him on the spot.

Sultan Bibars and his sixteen Captains of Police (vol. ii.) are many of them amusing, and bring a very acceptable change after the moral apologies of the first volume. It would be found curious to institute a comparison between these stories, detailing the shifts of Eastern detectives, where a thief is always set to catch his brother sharper, and the elaborate romances of M. Gaboriau and his imitators. In conclusion, we may add a word of commendation in regard to the long appendix at the end of vol. ii. by Mr. W. A. Clouston, on "Variants and Analogues." As is generally allowed, the early Italian novelists obtained the groundwork of many of their best *Novelle* from Eastern sources, among which the *Book of the Thousand and One Nights* was not the least rich of many quarries. It is also well known how much Shakspeare was indebted to the Italians for his plots, and Mr. Clouston makes it his special study to trace as much as possible the genealogy of the plots through many versions and variants back to the earliest known Asiatic source, whether Arab, Indian, or Central Asian. Mr. Clouston has already given a specimen of his skill in the "Originals and Analogues of some of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*," brought out by the Chaucer Society, and it is to be hoped that he may have an opportunity of doing for the ten volumes of "the Nights proper" what he has so ably accomplished for these first two volumes of the supplementary series.

SONGS OF BRITAIN.*

MR. LEWIS MORRIS (still, we are happy to say, not "of Penbryn") explains in characteristic fashion for the benefit of those readers who might be alarmed at symptoms of over-production in him. His present volume, he admits, comes quickly after *Gycia*. But let not anxious admirers be troubled, for the earlier poem was written as far back as the end of the year 1884." This piece of bio-bibliographical information is very interesting, because it not only relieves us from apprehensions as to the rate of Mr. Morris's production, but also gives us unusually precise details as to the period of that production. Allowing the earlier months of the present year for the pleasing punishment that poets bear in seeing their poems through the press, we find exactly two years occupied in producing exactly a hundred and eighty-two foolscap octavo pages. Now, as a hundred and eighty-two is, for all practical purposes, exactly the half of three hundred and sixty-five, we get just four days to a page; and that, if we may borrow the words of an excellent personage in *The Pirate*, is a decent and moderate rate of poetical production, and such as may justly carry a blessing with it. When Mr. Lewis Morris informs us that "The Physicians of Myddfai" is "a poem rather than a metrical exercise," he may seem to be a little anticipating matters. It is our business to tell him that, not his to tell us.

In reference to these *Songs of Britain* in general, we can, on the whole, repeat the negatively favourable comment which we made on *Gycia*. The glaring flatnesses and faults of taste, which reached their climax in *Songs Unsung*, are again less noticeable here, though the planing off of the faults of taste has been effected at the expense of an increase of the general, as opposed to the particular, flatness. The reader seldom, as he used to do, comes

down from airy, or would be airy, heights with a flop on the floor, nor does he very often break his shins on any specially ugly and knobby excrescence. He walks soberly on the level ground, occasionally asking himself what profit or exhilaration is supposed to be derived from the exercise, but meeting with no very serious or disgusting obstacle to progress. In other words, the book is not usually absurd or offensive, it is only commonplace, second-hand, and dull. Sometimes, indeed, Mr. Morris vindicates his claims as a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of the Bathos. We cannot imagine a less appropriate simile than—

the fresh year

Tripped like a lamb, tender and void of fear.

But the chief and most curious impression left upon the reader is, as it always has been, the singular ineffectiveness and want of distinction which characterize Mr. Morris's poetic, or rather versifying, work. For instance, he wants to describe an Oxford June beside the river, and this is how he goes and does it:—

Once I remember, in a far-off June,
Leaving the studious cloister of my youth,
Beside the young Thames stream I laid me down.
Wearied, upon a bank. 'Twas midsummer;
The warm earth teemed with flowers; the kingcup's gold,
The perfumed clover, 'mid the crested grass
The plantains rearing high their flowery crowns
Above the daisied coverts; overhead
The hawthorns white and rosy, bent with bloom,
The broad-spread chestnuts spiked with frequent flowers
And white gold-hearted lilies on the stream.

Now this is highly characteristic of Mr. Morris. It is a fairly pretty piece of work in its way, quite worthy of and creditable to a fifth-form boy or an intelligent young woman. But it is, in the first place, as a general description the merest cut-and-dried gradus work; and, in the second place, it studiously and carefully misses any characteristic note and feature of the Upper Thames valley "when June with fritillaries waits." The rest of the piece, in which Mr. Morris wishes he had been a Greek, but is comforted by the appearance of a punt containing some little boys without any clothes ("one had shaped Some hollow reed in semblance of a pipe"—and, indeed, there is often the semblance of a pipe in a punt near Oxford), exhibits the fatal Morrisian flatness almost as well as the beginning. It is much more alarming when Mr. Morris becomes Wordsworthian, and has flights as here, for your flat flight is a very fearful wild fowl indeed:—

Nay, great are these indeed
And infinite, but not so great as He
Their Maker who has formed them, who made me,
Who can in fancy leap, outward and outward still
Beyond our System and its farthest star,
Beyond the greater Systems ranged afar,
To which our faintest suns are satellites, and no more—
Beyond, beyond, beyond, till mind can fill
The illimitable void which never sense
Nor thought alone may compass or contain
And with a whirling brain
Return to the great centre of all light
Which doth control and bound the Infinite,
And, looking to the undiscovered sun,
Find all perplexity and longing done,
And am content to wonder and to adore.

Now, if this be not a very "moral" of the forcible feeble, a very dish-washings and trencher-scrappings of *The Excursion*, we are no two-legged creatures. But you may be feeble and imitative, and still mind your grammar. The curious infelicity of the welter of "whos" in lines 3 and 4 could hardly be beaten even in the Penbryn workshop. The first and the second "who" unquestionably refer to "Maker"—at least, we can hardly suppose that Mr. Lewis Morris is throwing upon the mysterious "them" (which, after careful exploration of another paragraph of metrical muddle before, seem to be either "stars" or "laws" or "glories," or something of that kind) the very heavy responsibility of having made Mr. Lewis Morris. But the third "who" is something quite different; for, as Mr. Morris, though frequently foolish, is not often intentionally blasphemous, he can hardly suppose that he represents his Maker as "in fancy leaping," &c. We have no objection to the proposition that "mind" (at least Mr. Morris's "mind") "can fill a void which neither sense nor thought can compass or contain"; but we really do not know why he should call the sun "undiscovered" when he has just described his return to it, and we certainly are brought up standing by that remarkable "am" separated from any possible substantive by twelve whole lines. When we edit the whole works of Mr. Lewis Morris, we shall indulge in a *certissima et venustissima emendatio* by simply changing am to "Am." Mr. Morris, fresh from the reading of *David Copperfield*, will then represent himself as finding, in the reconciliation of all things

All perplexity and longing done
And 'Am content to wonder and adore.

We rather wish we had space to follow Mr. Lewis Morris through these altitudes, but we can only suggest that the description (italicised by us) of—

A Being all the beatings of all whose wings
Are secular wastes of Time

is capable of a most unfortunate and irreverent interpretation; and that, when he remarks that "he cares no whit" for "unbounded space sown thick with worlds," we cannot help strongly suspecting that "unbounded space sown thick with worlds" returns the compliment. "In Pembrokehire, 1886," is an

* *Songs of Britain*. By Lewis Morris. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1887.

account of a meeting on the Home Rule question, at which we dimly remember that Mr. Lewis Morris was reported by the newspapers to have said something foolish. But a man may say something foolish at a political meeting and yet write good poetry about it; whether Mr. Morris has done so, the just and inexorable method of citation shall show:—

For just is manhood rude and strong,
And generous the toiler's soul;
When these the ship of State control,
Oppression shall not flourish long.

There is a legend of a certain school where they rammed copy-books down the headmaster's throat; did they by any chance at Mr. Lewis Morris's seminary reverse the process and feed the boys on them?

Again look at this, where, by the way, Mr. Morris would perhaps tell us that the last line is a poem but not a metrical exercise:—

Who knows what Life, or Death or Time
Are in themselves, or whither tend
The great world's footsteps slow, sublime,
From what dim source—to what hidden end?

or this, at the end of a long and limp poem on Cleopatra's Needle:—

But while the Present flies, The far-off Past survives; It lives, it never dies, In new born lives.	And if incorporate Graven by some mystic hand, Our hieroglyph of Fate By thine might stand?
It lives, it never dies, And we the outcome are Of countless centuries And ages far.	Nay, nay, our Future shows Implicitly in thee; For well the thinker knows What was, shall be.
What if our thought might see The Future ere it rise The ages that shall be, Before our eyes;	And though a ghost thou art, 'Tis well that thou art here To touch each careless heart With hope and fear.

Now, we have not the slightest intention of sneering at the sentiments in either of those extracts, so far as they are intelligibly expressed. Nor do we even object to them because they are commonplace. On the contrary, we have always maintained and shall always maintain that the very finest passages in all poetry are those in which the genius of the poet makes commonplaces as though they were not common. But the whole head and front of Mr. Morris's offending is, that this is exactly and precisely what he does not do. With him the commonplace becomes more common; his flatness slowly broadens down from platitude to platitude; the battered clichés of popular thought become in his hands blunter and more blurred than ever. Even truths the most venerable and pathetic acquire an air of vulgarity in his verse, and we can on the whole compare him to nothing so much as to a well-intentioned curate, who takes the most touching narratives, the most august mysteries, and waters them out for the benefit of an unlucky congregation in a stream of tag and twaddle. We may be met with the objection that not a few readers admire Mr. Lewis Morris; but then it is undeniable that not a few congregations admire the curate. Even Mr. Morris's perpetual second-handness which suggests now Wordsworth, now Keble, and almost constantly Lord Tennyson, is less exasperating, to us at any rate, than the perpetual commonness and want of style which characterizes him. Very good work has sometimes been done by open conveyance, and often by inspired imitation of other men's expression. But no good work can ever be done with the flaccid facility, the mean middle-classness of such a poetical dialect as this. Shakespeare's thoughts in Mr. Lewis Morris's language would hardly have been worth having.

To those remarkable persons who, being cursed, or perhaps blessed, with insensibility to style at all, appreciate Mr. Lewis Morris as a fluent and not unmelodious singer of words which they can understand to tunes which do not offend them, we owe perhaps a few remarks on the longer poems, for our extracts have mainly been taken from the shorter. The Jubilee "Song of Empire" may be already known, and is a fair Tennysonian exercise. Of the three Welsh pieces, "Llyn y Morwynion" puts in very fair prize-poem blank verse the legend of a place not unknown to Welsh tourists. "The Curse of Pantannas" is in the same metre. The celebrated "Physicians of Myddfai," of which the preface discourses, is in hexameters and pentameters, such as they are; and Mr. Morris's caution that he is not going to play the game is certainly required, the hexameter occasionally permitting itself six full dactyls and a little more, while the pentameter has something like six anapaests. However, we make no fault with any man for devising his own metre, though we cannot quite see the fun of calling it elegiac when it is nothing of the kind. Mr. Lewis Morris is a great deal better at narrative than at lyrical verse, because in the former the distinction in which he is so sadly lacking is only a desirable, not an absolutely necessary, thing. Your undistinguished lyric is a wholly detestable performance.

KUGLER'S HANDBOOK OF ITALIAN PAINTING.*

THIS handbook of Italian art is the result of the labour of many different hands, continued during a period of many years. In 1837 Franz Theodor Kugler published at Berlin his *Handbuch der*

* Kugler—*Italian Schools of Painting*. Revised and partly rewritten by Sir Austen Layard, G.C.B., D.C.L., &c. London: Murray.

Geschichte der Malerei; in 1851 the first English translation was edited by Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A., author of *The Materials for the History of Oil Painting*, one of the most valuable works relating to art history which have ever been published, and now very scarce. In 1874 a fourth edition was brought out by Lady Eastlake, aided by a number of valuable notes which had been left by her late husband, who for many years had exceptional opportunities of art study as Director of the National Gallery. Lastly, we have this present, the fifth, edition, a great part of which consists of new and original matter compiled by Sir Austen Layard, who has been largely influenced by the able Milanese art-critic, the Comm. Morelli, who on many points takes a very different view from that adopted by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, whose influence and opinions were paramount in the previous edition by Lady Eastlake. It will thus be seen that a very unusual amount of knowledge and care has been spent on the production of this work, with, on the whole, a very happy result. The work is well arranged, accurate in detail, and all the writing kept closely to the point, quite free from those extravagant rhapsodies which so many writers on art find it difficult to avoid. The first chapters, dealing with mosaic pictures, which were originally written by Dr. Jacob Burckhardt for the German edition of 1847, have been a good deal curtailed in order to make room for additional matter of a kind more important for the special scope of this work.

It would have been well to note that the discoveries of recent years in Rome have done much to supply the formerly missing link between the mosaics of classical times and those of the Byzantine Christians. Dr. Burckhardt wrote:—"The temples, baths, and palaces of the later Emperors contain innumerable wall-paintings, stuccos, and mosaic pavements, but, as far as we know, no mosaic work on ceilings or walls." The Capitoline Museum in Rome now contains some large wall-pictures formed of glass tesserae found in a house on the Quirinal hill in 1878, which, as far as technique goes, are exactly similar to the mosaics of Christian times. Others of the same class were found on the barrel vault of the Cryptoporticus which connects the Flavian Palace with that of Caligula on the Palatine hill; and so the link is no longer missing, as it was when Dr. Burckhardt wrote. Another point which applies both to the mosaics and panel-paintings of Byzantine style in much later times has, we believe, never been sufficiently noticed—that is, the very important influence of pictures in early cloisonné enamel as determining the use of gold and the treatment of the folds of the draperies. In the magnificent gold enamels of Byzantine workmanship—such as the *Pala d'Oro* and the two *Texi* covers preserved in St. Mark's at Venice—the inner markings of the figures and the lines of the draperies are formed by the thin *cloisons* or partitions of gold, which hold the vitreous enamel in its place. These gold lines are copied in a very curious way, both in many of the great thirteenth-century mosaics of St. Mark's and also by some of the early Venetian painters in their minute panels for retables and the like. A very striking example of this is to be seen in the wings of a retable by Niccolò Semitecolo, dated 1351, which, together with another painting of different style and date, is numbered 16 in the Accademia di Venice. This use of the design suited to one material when working in another is one of the characteristics of art in an early stage of development in most countries and ages.

In the account of the mosaics on the façade of S. Maria Maggiore in Rome some inaccuracies in the previous edition have escaped correction—"To the same time (about 1300) belong the mosaics from the upper part of the façade . . . now inserted in the loggia." These curious mosaics, representing Christ in majesty, together with subjects from the tradition about the founding of the Basilica, are clearly earlier in date than those in the apse executed by pupils of Giotto about the year 1300. Moreover, they are not inserted in the loggia, but are still in their original place on the upper part of the façade. The loggia was simply built in front of them. Unfortunately, nothing is known about the art education of the artist, whose signature runs thus—*PHILIPPVS RVSTI PEXIT HOC OPVS*. The spelling with *PH*, instead of the usual Italian *P*, suggests a Greek origin.

In the account of Giotto and his school Sir Austen Layard has added a great deal of valuable matter; the discovery of so many previously unknown frescoes by Giotto in the Friars' Church of Sta. Croce at Florence has added largely to the list of his existing works. The present editor does much to discriminate between genuine works by Giotto's own hand and those by his pupils, placing among the latter class the "Seven Sacraments" in the church of the Incoronata at Naples, and also the celebrated frescoes in the Bargello Chapel at Florence, with the youthful portrait of Dante; of which, we are glad to see, a much better woodcut is given than that in previous editions, which was taken from the picture after its unhappy repainting, which altered not only the colouring, but even the drawing of the face and drapery. The statement that Giotto "designed the beautiful Campanile and also the sculpture with which it is decorated" needs some qualification. Recent discoveries among the city archives of Florence have thrown a new light on the true history of this architectural gem, and have shown the accuracy of Pucci's poetical chronicle the *Centiloquio*, which, under the year 1334, records that the Campanile was begun on the 19th of July in that year by the painter Giotto, but that he had only carried it up to the first band of reliefs when he died in 1336. The chronicle goes on to state that Andrea Pisano was then appointed architect to carry on the Campanile, but that his changes in the design not being approved of by the Signoria, he was dismissed and Francesco Talenti

appointed in his place. All this is confirmed by existing documents; Giotto's part is only the first story, eleven braccia above ground and six braccia of foundation. Andrea Pisano's alterations in the scheme of design of the second story are very obvious, as he has introduced two pilasters on each side which neither start from nor lead up to anything, and were wholly ignored by Talenti in his design for the remaining part. Francesco Talenti superseded Andrea Pisano in 1342; it is to Talenti that we owe the magnificent Cathedral of Florence as it now stands; Arnolfo del Cambio's scheme having been completely changed after his death. In the Opera del Duomo at Siena is preserved a very beautiful drawing on vellum which is probably Giotto's original design for the Campanile. The lowest story corresponds with the existing work, but the upper part is quite different in design. It is of special interest, as showing the spire and pinnacles with which Giotto intended to crown the tower. The square first passes into an octagon, with a tall two-light window in each side. Above that rises an octagonal spire, surmounted by a statue of an angel, like the finial on the great Campanile of St. Mark at Venice. It appears that Talenti also intended at one time to add a spire, as the "squincies," or angle supports, for it are still to be seen under the present low roof. A small model of this Campanile, which was one of the chief glories of Florence, was introduced by two Florentine sculptors among the foliage of the large angle capital under the "Judgment of Solomon" at the north-west angle of the Ducal Palace at Venice. In this delicate piece of sculpture Numa Pompilius is represented learning the art of building from the nymph Egeria, who points to this miniature representation of the Florentine tower. Over it, on the abacus of the capital, is the explanatory inscription, "Numa Pompilio Imperator edificator di tempi e chiese." Owing to want of room, the sculptors, who signed themselves "Duo soci Florentini," were only able to give the Campanile three stories, but in other respects it is a fairly truthful representation.

The study of Giotto's works, numerous though they are, can hardly give a complete notion of the unrivalled power of his genius, the vigour of which is perhaps even more clearly shown by his wide and lasting influence, not only in painting, but even in sculpture. As Sir Austen Layard writes:—

It is impossible to over-estimate the influence of Giotto's genius. He opened a fountain of nature to the gifted generations who succeeded him in Italy, which permeated through the length and breadth of the land. . . . No Christian artist can perhaps be quoted who raised such a host of imitators, whose very names, for the most part, have been completely forgotten. Nor does painting alone claim him as her reviver. The sculpture of the Renaissance may be said to be in great measure his creation.

More than a century after Giotto's death, in spite of the advances which Florentine art had made both in technical skill and realistic truth, we find the sculptor Benedetto da Maiano copying in marble, on the central panel of his Santa Croce pulpit, the noble fresco by Giotto in the same church representing the discovery of the Stigmata on the body of St. Francis—a composition which had previously been imitated by almost every painter who dealt with the same subject. In the same way, among the ancient Greeks we find that a noble type of statue or group by some artist of real genius was often accepted as being, as it were, final, and the exactly right method of treatment for the special subject, and thenceforth was reproduced on various scales and in various materials, even by artists of great original power, who did not at all disdain to make use of the conception of another brain than their own. In both these periods of the highest art development we find a similar characteristic—namely, the smallest possible amount of personal self-assertion on the part of the artist. In those happy times the sculptor or painter did not insist that the chief thought of the beholder should be for the hand that had produced the work; he was satisfied if the work itself was beautiful and productive of pleasure in some form—sensuous, intellectual, or spiritual, as the case might be. Nothing speaks more clearly of the degradation and the low aim of much of our modern art than the eager striving of the artist to push himself into the foreground. In the art of modern France especially this fault is carried to the utmost extreme, and goes far to neutralize the value of the undoubted technical skill and knowledge which so many living French painters possess.

The discovery of new documentary evidence within the last few years has done much to contradict Vasari's statements as to the authorship of the magnificent series of frescoes in the chapter-house of the Dominican church of S. Maria Novella in Florence, now commonly known as the Cappella degli Spagnuoli, and also of the no less beautiful series in the Campo Santo at Pisa. We know now that the former pictures, celebrating the glory of the Dominican order, were not the work of Taddeo Gaddi and Simone Martini, as Vasari states. The fact is that the present Chapter-house was not built till about 1350, after the death of these painters, and a record among the archives of the monastery shows that the principal painter was a certain Andrea da Firenze, whom Sir Austen Layard identifies with the Andrea who is now known to have painted the scenes from the life of S. Raniero in the Pisan Campo Santo.

We think, however, that there is strong internal evidence in the chapter-house frescoes to show that their painter, Andrea of Florence, was really identical with Andrea Orcagna, who was living and working in Florence at the time when the paintings in the chapter-house were executed. In many technical details they differ considerably from the S. Raniero series, for part of which

the sum of 529 lire 10 soldi was paid to their painter in the year 1377, after the death of Andrea Orcagna. The fact that some of the Pisan frescoes were executed by a painter named Andrea da Firenze probably led to Vasari's undoubtedly mistaken statement that the grand picture of the "Doom" was the work of the other Andrea da Firenze, whom we know under the name of Orcagna. Sir Austen Layard follows Milanesi in attributing the Pisan "Doom," and others of the same series, to Bernardo Daddi; but the evidence for this appears to be very unsatisfactory. Whether we are right or not in attributing to Orcagna the S. Maria Novella chapter-house frescoes, enough remains of undoubted work by his hand to show that he deserves a foremost place as a painter among the successors of Giotto; and, as the present editor remarks, his magnificent tabernacle in Or San Michele at Florence is perhaps the finest work of sculpture which the fourteenth century produced. It should be noted that the rich metal railing round the Tabernacle is of bronze, not iron, as is stated at p. 119. The account given in this edition of the great Florentine painters of the fifteenth century is specially excellent; though highly condensed, it is clearly written, always to the point, and the most important examples of each master are selected with great judgment.

In his account of Piero della Francesca (Umbrian school), Sir Austen Layard in one place hardly does full justice to this most charming of painters. He says, "A grand altar-piece in the Brera, representing the Virgin and Child enthroned, with Federigo of Montefeltro, Duke of Urbino, in full armour kneeling before her—a work full of interest and beauty—is now assigned to him (Piero), but was probably in great part executed by Fra Carnevali"; and in a note he adds, "The head of the kneeling Duke has been entirely repainted." Now the real fact is that Fra Carnevale is a mere name, taken from Vasari, and no work whatever by his hand is known to exist. The author of the mistaken attribution of this magnificent work of Piero della Francesca was Pungileoni, who gives no authority for his statement. The picture is the finest of all Piero's existing works, and one of the most beautiful pictures in the whole Brera Collection. The head of the Duke, with its extraordinary profile, caused by the bridge of his nose having been carried away by a bullet, is in a perfectly genuine state, and no other touch than that of Piero's is visible in any part of the picture, with the one exception of the clasped hands of the kneeling Duke, which, though apparently original, are obviously the work of some other and more realistic painter. A fine panel by Piero della Francesca, a standing figure of St. Michael, in the English National Gallery, has also been wrongly given to the shadowy Fra Carnevale, solely on the strength of the mistaken attribution of the Brera altar-piece. Another fine series of allegorical figures, representing the sciences, painted for the same Duke of Urbino, have been attributed to the Umbrian Melozzo da Forlì. Two of these are in the National Gallery, and a third is at Berlin. We doubt whether Sir Austen Layard is right in accepting the usual attribution of these noble paintings, which seem to be very different in style from the known works of Melozzo, such as the portrait of Sixtus IV. in the Vatican and the angels in the Sacristy of St. Peter's in Rome. The architectural details especially seem to be distinctly later in style than Melozzo's manner. The fourth picture, one of a similar series, in Her Majesty's possession at Windsor, is also given by the editor to Melozzo; but this picture is quite different in style both from the National Gallery and Berlin series, and is clearly the work of some Flemish painter—probably Justus of Ghent, who is known to have visited Urbino, and worked there for Duke Federigo da Montefeltro, one of the most enthusiastic patrons of art and literature, even in his art-loving time and country.

We find it difficult to agree with Sir Austen Layard in his view of the early education of Raphael, in spite of his adopting the theory of so able an art-critic as is the Comm. Morelli. It appears, on the whole, the most probable that Raphael did not enter the studio of Perugino till the year 1499, when he was nearly seventeen years old, and already remarkably skilful, for his age, both in drawing and painting. Raphael must, therefore, have had some instructor before he came under the influence of Perugino, and this instructor, according to the Comm. Morelli, was the Ferrarese Timoteo della Vite, who went to reside at Urbino in the year 1495. In support of this theory there is nothing but the internal evidence of the paintings of Timoteo and Raphael, and this appears to us to lead to a very different conclusion. The early works of Timoteo seem to have no resemblance whatever to those of Raphael, while Timoteo's later pictures show him clearly to have been a somewhat feeble imitator of his younger and infinitely more talented friend. One of his pictures in the Brera is a striking example of this—an oil-painting of the Madonna standing between St. Sebastian and John the Baptist, which, in the pose of the figures, and in the expression of the faces, looks like a weak imitation of Raphael's second or Florentine manner. On the whole, therefore, it seems that Vasari's statement that Timoteo della Vite was a follower of Raphael's manner is not to be thrown aside without much stronger evidence against it.

Sir Austen Layard's special knowledge of the works of the great Venetian painters has enabled him to deal with this part of his subject in a very thorough and satisfactory way. One of the most striking points in the history of Venetian art is the lateness of its development both in sculpture and painting. Thus we find sculptors at Venice in the early part of the fifteenth century

working in the style of Florentine and Pisan sculptors of nearly a century earlier; so also paintings of the Vivarini family of Murano, executed after 1450, look almost like works of the fourteenth century. The reasons for this archaism, as it may be called, were no doubt the isolated position of the city, and also the lasting influence of Byzantine art, which for so many centuries had been paramount in Venice. As Sir Austen Layard writes:—"The traditions of Byzantism, for obvious reasons, lingered in Venice long after their expulsion from other centres of progress and activity, while, on the other hand, the Giottesque element, which had found a home in the neighbouring Padua, seems, as we have before observed, never to have entered Venice." It was, however, from Padua that the first influence of a more naturalistic, and less purely hieratic, form of art was brought to the Venetians. In the early works of Gian Bellini the mannerisms of the Paduan Squarcione are clearly visible; especially in subjects such as the *Pietà* in the Accademia of Venice, and in all representations of grief or pain. In many cases early panels by Gian Bellini have been, and are still, attributed to Squarcione or Mantegna. To some extent the same influence is traceable in the works of Carlo Crivelli, a very different painter, who clung to the old methods with gold grounds and stucco enrichments in relief—a very decorative painter, of whom not one genuine work now exists in Venice, though his pictures are by no means rare in foreign galleries; the National Gallery in London is especially rich in his works, and possesses what in some respects is his finest work, the *Annunciation to the Virgin*. Like Giotto, Gian Bellini's greatness must be judged not only from his own works, but from his widespread influence over a crowd of pupils, some of whom almost equalled their master in technical skill, though none ever quite rivalled his exquisite tenderness of expression, and perfect delicacy of modelling, combined with the richest splendour of colour.

The eloquent writing of Mr. Ruskin has done much to make Gian Bellini's pupil, Vittore Carpaccio, known and appreciated by English art students. Though wonderfully skilful in telling a story in the clearest and most straightforward way, enlivened by the most delightful touches of humour, and enjoying the bustling splendour of a pageant, and the minutest details in his background of room or street, yet nevertheless he shows some weakness in his treatment of more isolated figures on a larger scale. Nothing of its kind can be more charming than Carpaccio's story of St. Ursula in the Accademia at Venice; but, as Sir Austen Layard points out, his much praised portrait of two ladies, in the Correr Museum, is really a feeble work, quite unworthy of the enthusiasm which Mr. Ruskin has lavished upon it.

A large proportion of the second volume is taken up with the history of the life and work of Michelangelo and Raphael, a portion of the handbook which owes much to its present editor. Here, too, the opinions of Comm. Morelli are largely followed, especially in his theory about the so-called "Raphael Sketchbook" in the Accademia of Venice. Of these drawings Comm. Morelli only admits about three to be by Raphael's own hand—a very startling conclusion, which will not, we think, be confirmed by the general verdict of competent critics who carefully examine the series. No one would assert that all the drawings are by Raphael; some are clearly by Lorenzo da Credi and other hands; but we should pick out a much larger number as being by Raphael himself than the Comm. Morelli and Sir Austen Layard would admit to be genuine. One or two corrections are needed in the section on Raphael—the tapestries which he designed for the Sistine Chapel were woven, not at Arras, but at Brussels (p. 504), and it was at Brussels that Rubens discovered the cartoons, which are now among the chief treasures of the South Kensington Museum. Again, Raphael had nothing to do with the statue of Elias in the Chigi Chapel in S. Maria del Popolo (p. 511); the only statue which he designed was that of Jonah; the companion figure of Elias was wholly the work of the Florentine sculptor Lorenzetto, who also carved the Jonah from Raphael's design. Sir Austen Layard speaks of "another fresco from the Magliana Castle—Apollo and the Muses—now in the gallery of the capitol (Rome)." These were not one composition, but consist of ten slightly colossal figures of very great beauty, both in drawing and especially in the exquisite delicacy of their colour; they are obviously by some pupil of Perugino, and are not unworthy of the hand of Raphael himself, who certainly did paint some of the decorations of this favourite Papal residence. If these lovely frescoes of the Muses really are by Lo Spagna, he deserves a very much higher rank among the Perugian school than is usually assigned to him. In many pictures of the marriage of the Virgin, such as that by Raphael in the Brera, a polygonal domed building is introduced into the background to represent the Temple at Jerusalem. The editor suggests that this design was probably copied by Raphael from Bramante; but the real origin of this special way of representing the Temple, which is found in pictures of much earlier date than Raphael's time, was more probably this—that it was a copy taken from some pilgrim's drawing of the so-called "Mosque of Omar," which stands upon what was then accepted as the site of the Jewish Temple. Though the detail is quite different, yet the general form of the building in the pictures, with its circular domed centre surrounded by an octagonal ambulatory, has a resemblance to the Mosque which is far too close to be accidental.

It is impossible in these narrow limits to give even a sketch of the whole contents of this very comprehensive and carefully compiled work, the value of which is much increased by its ex-

cellent arrangement and the clear conciseness of its style. A large number of new outline illustrations have been added, which, though not works of art in themselves, are nevertheless very valuable as showing the general design and composition of each picture. The old woodcuts, which are reproduced again, have suffered seriously in the process, and have none of the delicacy of the prints in the edition of 1869; however, they answer their purpose well enough, which is that of being a record or key to the design, rather than a reproduction of it. To compress so large a subject as that of Italian painting into the space of two octavo volumes is no easy task, and one cannot but admire the judgment and skill with which the most essential points have been selected, so that this last edition of Kugler's handbook has now become, on the whole, the best English work which includes the whole of this wide and supremely interesting subject.

THE CITIZEN READER.*

THIS little book is intended to replace the platitudes which too commonly fill elementary "Readers" by such information as all English citizens ought to possess, but many neither possess nor can easily find. Indeed, we suspect that not a few persons who are presumed to be far above the level of elementary school teaching would be all the better for refreshing their knowledge with the concise and lucid account of English institutions here set forth by Mr. Arnold-Forster. In conception the work is altogether admirable; in execution it is for the most part excellent. It ought to be in use in every English-speaking elementary school in the British Empire; doubtless it is so in very many, for it has already gone through several editions. We infer that, in view of future editions, criticism may be useful; and the general level of clearness and accuracy is so high that even minute criticism directed to particular inequalities will not be superfluous. The mistakes we shall now point out are such as in an ordinary school-book would have to be passed over as incorrigible, or not worth correcting; one or two of them could not have been made without a good deal more of sound knowledge than the common run of school-books ever comes in sight of. Our first exception concerns the statement of the Queen's title to the Crown:—

The Queen is at the head of the Government of the country, and not of the British islands only, but of the whole British Empire. Queen Victoria is not like King Edward I. or Queen Elizabeth, sovereign simply by the right of being the son or daughter of a king. She does not claim to rule over this Empire by right, but she is Queen because she is descended from King George III. who in his turn was descended from George I. who was made King of Great Britain and Ireland by Parliament, that is to say, by the people of these islands.

This is inaccurate and confusing. The Queen's title has to be made out by tracing descent through both George III. and George I., but there is no sort of break in the process, as an ordinary reader would suppose. In truth, the Queen's title is exactly the same as that of both George III. and George I. She reigns because she answers the description, fixed by the Act of Settlement, of the heir of the body of the Electress Sophia of Hanover, being Protestant. George I. reigned for no other reason, and was not "made King of Great Britain and Ireland" in any other sense. Then, it is a very strange thing to use the word "right" without qualification as equivalent to *ius divinum* and opposed to Parliamentary title. Again, Elizabeth's title was distinctly confirmed, though not conferred, by Act of Parliament. Let it not be thought that such criticism is over-minute. School-masters as well as scholars will have much to learn from this book, and the more elementary a statement is the more absolute is the need of exactness.

In the generally clear account of the process of legislation in Parliament it is said that, "when all the alterations that any one wants to make are settled, then the Bill itself is read, and voted upon." Mr. Arnold-Forster cannot mean the school children who use his book to believe that the second reading of a Bill comes after the Committee stage; but he has said something very like it. There is a little touch of conventional optimism, too, in calling on the reader to "understand how carefully laws are made." Mr. Arnold-Forster must know as well as any one how far from carefully many Acts of Parliament are made; and, so far from desiring to conceal this from the average English citizen (supposing concealment to be in the long run practicable), we should desire to make it as widely known as possible, for nothing but a definite pressure of public opinion will bring about an effectual remedy for mischiefs which almost every publicist of note has been denouncing in vain for at least a generation. A point of more substance is the all but complete ignoring of the common law. There is much said, and well said, about the laws made by Parliament, but hardly a word about the law not made by Parliament. The reader might naturally suppose that the judges are the mere administrators of statute law in all the cases that come before them. Concerning the judges, it is not quite correct to say, since the establishment of the Court of Appeal, that "they can look forward to no further favour." Promotion to the Court of Appeal is certainly promotion, and might quite conceivably have gone by favour at times much later than the

* *The Citizen Reader*. By H. O. Arnold-Forster. Eighth edition. London: Cassell & Co. [1887.]

Revolution. Only the changed conditions of modern public life have made the recasting of our judicial system a possible and safe operation. The reproduction, without a shade of doubt, of the apocryphal anecdote of Gascoigne and Henry V., when Prince of Wales, is notable, but not censurable; it almost comes under the protection of the maxim *communis error facit jus*. It may, perhaps, also be a common error to hold that a constable cannot arrest a person without a warrant unless he actually sees him commit a felony, and a private person cannot arrest without a warrant under any circumstances; but it is certainly not law, and we are surprised that Mr. Arnold-Forster should have fallen into it. On the same page with the statement of what a policeman cannot do is a note which, in a way true, is misleading, "*Assizes* mean sittings." So they do in fact; but the note is likely to put on a wrong track the more enterprising reader who may endeavour to trace the history of judges of assize. He will be apt to think that they are so called *quia assident*, whereas the true derivation is nothing so simple. Another odd little slip is translating *habeas corpus* "you may have the body"; the phrase, like many similar phrases in writs, is of course a command, not a permission.

The general information is mostly very good; what is said about taxation and foreign affairs is all sound so far as it goes, and prudently avoids controversial topics. There is some good new matter on taxation in the present edition. But why tell children that "the ancient Greeks had a strange way of speaking of all foreigners, no matter who they were, as *Barbarians*?" This is beginning at the wrong end; the correct and, we think, more profitable statement is that *barbarian* meant merely a man who did not speak Greek; and it would be no harm, but rather a help, to explain that our own fathers meant by *Welsh*, in exactly the same way, people who did not speak English.

The illustrations are as good as is compatible with the price of the book; but Westminster Abbey or the Tower would have been a better subject than the Courts of Justice; and the repulsively black and grubby print of the High Street of Oxford will not do much to fire elementary scholars with the noble rage of learning.

THE JUBILEE SERIES OF THE S.P.C.K.

IT is impossible not to admire, and perhaps envy, the ingenuity shown by a practised hand when weaving to order such trivial romances as form the larger number of this Jubilee Series. Perhaps one is tempted to class as something similar the talent boasted of by the barmaid who advertised that she could make fifty sandwiches with two ounces of butter, or the versatility of the lady who teaches us a hundred ways of cooking rabbits. Indeed, this sort of writing much resembles cooking, in that the goodness of the material is of less importance than the skillfulness of the hand that mixes the ingredients. It would be easy to formulate receipts in much the same manner as a cookery-book. Take two men and two women *au naturel*, that is to say, prepared to fall in love on the smallest provocation, add a boat, a moon, and a thunderstorm; serve with picturesque sauce; or, take one woman and two men, a war, a lost letter, and a mad dog. Mix them gradually together, and if any more flavouring is required, add a mortal wound.

Mrs. Katherine S. Macquoid seems most at home when she takes us to her favourite Normandy, and the *Hôtel Ste Barbe*, though the slightest and shortest, is perhaps the best of the four stories she contributes to the series. It is only a little tragedy in humble life seen by an English tourist from the back windows of his hotel at Caen. At the *Peacock* he has for its hero a Swiss guide, too sensitive to the charms of female beauty. He is more forgivingly treated by his fiancée than he deserves; and the flirt who led him away by her bright eyes is properly punished. *The Two Studios*, by Miss Peard, is brightly and cleverly written, though the plot is of the simplest. An artist promises a friend that he will lend his Italian model to Miss Lascelles, who is painting the picture of "a group of peasants who are coming into Rome with all their goods, escaping from an inundation." The model arrives drunk, and Mr. Everitt unwilling to disappoint Miss Lascelles, puts on an Italian dress and takes the place of the incapable model. The fraud is discovered, and the young lady is most unreasonably angry and unforgiving. The artist, however, having fallen in love with the fair limner, determines to win her for his bride. *Polly Spanker's Green Feather*, by Mrs. Walford, is a moral story about a farmer's daughter who suffered much mortification and nearly lost her lover through the purchase of a fine hat. *Nina's Visit*, by C. Selby Lowne, is a story for children.

The cards issued in honour of the Queen's Jubilee are pretty and appropriate, being very fair imitations of fourteenth and fifteenth century illuminations in the French style. There is also a portrait of Her Majesty, mounted on cardboard and fitted with a cord by which to hang it up. Although we have seen better likenesses, it is probable that from its convenient form this may prove a very popular publication, and be found hanging on the walls of many of the Queen's loyal subjects. A penny *Life of Queen Victoria*, by Mrs. Sitwell, is something more than a mere chronicle, but is condensed into sixteen pages, and profusely illustrated with woodcuts. The text is anecdotal and entertaining.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY STUDIES.*

IF we had not been informed by the inscription on the covers of these books that they were "Studies in Historical and Political Science," it would scarcely have occurred to us to call them by such a high-sounding title. The joint authors of *Philadelphia* have, in a volume of amazing dullness, described and commented on the changes that have taken place in the government of their city down to an Ordinance issued at the end of last year. While they certainly point out the character of each stage in the city's municipal development, their remarks on this subject are buried beneath a mass of details that can be of no interest to any one who is not engaged in local administration. On the other hand, they have given a useful summary of the reforms recently effected in the constitutions of the larger American cities; and the sections devoted to finance are generally excellent. The authors quote with approval the opinion of a "distinguished writer" that "the inhabitants of American cities are rapidly approaching the point where they will sacrifice to their city administrations the whole annual increase of their combined labor," and consider that the restraints imposed "upon the power of cities to contract indebtedness" have met with little success. The special snare of the Philadelphians in past times was that they raised loans in order to defray expenses that should have been met by taxation. An early instance of this mistaken policy occurred in 1704, when the "Cow-tax" proving insufficient for the purpose for which it was designed, the mayor advanced the money required for "the repair of the frame of the Town Bull." In the other volume before us Judge Brown, who was mayor of Baltimore in 1861, gives an account of the riot that took place there on April 19 of that year, when a Massachusetts regiment passed through the city on its way to Washington, and sketches the principal events in which he was immediately concerned during the next few months. Sympathy with the seceding States was strong in Baltimore, and there can, we think, be little doubt that the presence of the Federal troops at Washington alone kept Maryland from joining the Confederacy at the outbreak of the struggle. We gather from Judge Brown's narrative that, though he was opposed to revolution in Maryland, he gave the Government some trouble. He and his party evidently refused to recognize that the cause for which the Federal Executive was contending justified the adoption of measures for which there would have been no excuse in a time of peace; they took their stand on legal and constitutional rights, and protested against all "interference by military authority." Their policy hindered the Government from obtaining the full control over the State that was advisable under the existing circumstances, and it was found necessary to subject the mayor and some of his fellow-citizens to a year's imprisonment.

EUGÈNE DELACROIX.†

IN England Delacroix is little known and less liked. It is a fact that he succeeded brilliantly where a number of British painters contrived to fail; and to the patriotic critic, indifferent alike to Thackeray's example and the generous praise of Goethe, it has seemed just and fitting to deny the interloper's colour, deny his drawing, and publicly despise his inspiration. In France, as is natural, it is far otherwise. Delacroix has never, it is true, been popular. But he was notorious from the first; and when he died, after some forty years of combat, he was the most famous and the best debated painter of his time and race. Already a whole minor literature had grown up about him; and for five and twenty years its volume has steadily increased. It has occurred to M. Maurice Tournoux that the time has come for a bibliography, and the present volume is the result of the inspiration. It is a model of its kind. M. Tournoux has spared neither time nor pains to make his work complete. Wherever his hero's name is mentioned there has he been, and there has he looked and gathered for himself. Books, catalogues, letters, journals, records of sales—nothing appears to have escaped him; and now that his work is published it is as easy to know whatever is to be known about Delacroix as it was difficult, if not impossible, before. In an excellent prefatory note he clears the ground and tells us, among other things, of the "Eugène Delacroix" who contributed, in 1833, a couple of articles to *La Liberté*—a journal among whose contributors were Auger, Alexandre Decamps, Wattier, Pétrus Borel, and Jehan du Seigneur—and disappeared for ever from the light of day; of Alexandre Decamps, brother of the painter, founder and editor of the *Musée des Artistes*—a publication in these days worth its weight in five-franc pieces—and who, after years of militating not ingloriously in journalism, and a few months of authority as a vice-consul somewhere in Morocco, died quietly in his bed, and was buried, at his particular request, "civilement et debout"; and of Prosper Haussard, altogether unknown to fame, but one of the "vaillants de mil-huit-cent-trente," and well deserving a page in

* Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science—Philadelphia, 1681-1887: a History of Municipal Development. By Edward P. Allinson, A.M., and Boies Penrose, A.B., of the Philadelphia Bar. Baltimore and the Nineteenth of April, 1861: a Study of the War. By George William Brown, Chief Judge of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore. Baltimore: N. Murray, Publication Agent, Johns Hopkins University, 1887.

† Eugène Delacroix devant ses Contemporains. Par Maurice Tournoux. Paris: J. Ronam.

the history of Romanticism, when that brave work shall be written. In a first part he treats of his subject's essays and letters; in a second, of his biographers and critics; in a third, of his exhibitions, permanent and temporary, public and private—among them that (in 1828) at "M. Hobday's Gallery of Modern Art, 53 Pall Mall"—his immense achievement in decoration, the picture-sales at which he has been represented; while in an appendix are catalogued such of his autographs, and the autographs of such prose and verse relating to him, as have been sold by auction. The result is so exhaustive, that no more remains to be done. Where M. Tournoux has passed there is nothing left to glean; and where he has not, there was never anything worth gleaning.

In examining his first section we are reminded of an unpalatable fact—that an *édition définitive* of the letters of Delacroix is yet to make, and that, save in Péron's *Eugène Delacroix: sa vie et ses œuvres* (1865), which is incomplete in itself and was never given to the public, there has been no attempt to collect his essays and studies; so that any one who wishes to consult these luminous and suggestive pages—on Poussin, Charlet, Raphael, Gros, Puget, Laurence, the Beautiful, the Ideal, and so forth—must resign himself to the task of hunting them through the files of those reviews in which they saw the light. Passing to the second part, we light, at the very outset, on the fact that Delacroix, according to MM. Champfleury and Wattier, and before them on the authority of *Le Livre Noir de MM. Delaven et Franchet* (1829), had actually been denounced as a conspirator, and that in 1822, the year of his "Dante and Virgil," M. Tournoux makes light of the accusation. As the archives of the Préfecture de Police were mostly destroyed in 1871 he has not been able to throw new light on the subject; but it is probable that his inference is correct, and that Delacroix, Bonapartist as he was, had no active part in any sort of plot, but was merely the victim of a professional spy. In another paragraph, having reference to the "Médée Furieuse," it is stated, on the authority of the *Revue des Peintres*, that we owe the *Faust* lithographs to the "Faust dans son cabinet" of 1827, which suggested to the publisher Motte the idea of commissioning the painter to execute a series of illustrations of Goethe's poem. M. Tournoux quotes from *L'Artiste* (1864) M. F. Leblond's account of his last interview with Delacroix; and, on the next page, the funeral oration pronounced by Paul Huet, in reply to the cold and somewhat captious allocution of Jouffroy, who represented the Académie at the grave, and spoke, as became a member of that venerable institution, with a sentiment of his responsibilities which appears to have exasperated his audience. Paul Huet's letter of thanks to Saint-Victor is given later on; it is very well worth reading. Under "Couture (Thomas)" we are reminded of that painter's insolence towards his superior by the quotation of the most impudent phrases—the "désirs intelligents" and "efforts malheureux" of "poor Delacroix"—in his confession. Then follows a page from George Sand, *Le Pays des Anémones*, which will be delightful to all who are interested in good matter and in love with good style. Hugo's discourse to Arthur Stevens, from Charles Hugo's *Victor Hugo en Zélande*, is given in *extenso*.

In his third section, "Les Œuvres," M. Tournoux gives some pleasant examples of those revenges which the whirligig of Time brings round on the unwary. Delacroix's first picture, the "Dante et Virgile," was exhibited in 1832; according to Gros it was "du Rubens châté;" it is known that the famous article in praise of it which Thiers published in *Le Constitutionnel* was inspired by no less a man than Gérard; it is a fact that the work is counted not the least among the treasures of the Louvre. Yet to Delécluze, of the *Moniteur Universel*, it was not a picture, but a "tertoillade"; to another person it suggested the excesses of a "drunken broom"; to a third it seemed impossible that, "au point où le talent d'exécution est parvenue dans notre école," it could have been painted by a Frenchman. Even the "Massacre de Scio" (1824) was not admired at the time. In 1827 Delacroix exhibited, with nine other pictures and drawings, the "Marino Faliero," the "Mort de Sardanapale," and the "Christ au Jardin des Oliviers"; the second-named became as great a scandal as *Hernani* itself, while the general effect of the exhibition was to demonstrate that in drawing, painting, colour, perspective even, Delacroix had everything to learn. Of the magnificent "Vingt-huit Juillet" (1831) Delécluze said that not only is it painted "avec verve," but that it contains passages of colour "d'un rare talent qui rappelle tout à fait la manière de Jouvénal." As to the "Bataille de Nancy," the "Rabelais," and the "Rue de Mekinez," in the first of these A.-D. Vergnaud, "formerly a pupil of the Polytechnic School," sees only "de mauvais chevaux estropiés dans un pays plus qu'étrange, sous un ciel impossible," with "une incroyable saleté de couleur," and "un dessin incorrect à plaisir"; while the *Constitutionnel*, after smashing and pulverizing "le prétendu régénérateur de l'Ecole qui n'a régénéré rien," goes on to qualify his exhibits as mere "layings in" (*ébauches*), as simple memoranda, and declares that, in entrusting such a dauber with the decoration of the Chambre des Députés, the Government has gone near to compromise itself. In 1836 the jury refused the painter's "Hamlet," and certain critics described his "Prisonnier de Chillon" as a "pochade," and declared his "Natchez" to be "d'un aspect dégoutant" and a "boutade archiromantique de dessin et de couleur." For the "Bataille de Taillebourg" (1837) Delécluze confesses himself unable to find a single word of praise; while Peissé is content to describe it, and the painter as well, as "du Rubens manqué." In 1839 the jury refused three pictures and

accepted two, one of which, a "Cléopâtre," is to the eminent Janin merely "horrible." In 1840 a majority of one secures the reception of "La Justice de Trajan," and a poet, in the classic interest, bids the public not to mind, but to wait a little, and all will be well:—

Attendez à demain. . . . *Trojan* est au Salon
Ce qu'*Hernani* fut au théâtre!

The next year Delacroix was represented by three masterpieces—the "Noce Juive," the "Naufrage," and that "Prise de Constantinople par les Croisés" which is recognized in these days as one of the great pictures of the century. This was far from being the view of the *Journal des Artistes*, which cannot find "six pouces carrés à citer" in all three pictures, and infinitely prefers to the "Prise de Constantinople"—which is only "froide," it appears—the "Fin du Vengeur" of M. Félix Leullier, which only needs retouching to be a "national" work, and whose place in any case is among "les beaux tableaux modernes." It is the same until the end. Delacroix had many champions; but he was not safe from his pursuers even in death. On the occasion of that posthumous sale which, according to M. Burty, was "une réhabilitation et une ivresse," Edmond About distinguished himself by declaring that Delacroix had painted half a dozen masterpieces "et des horreurs par centaines." It is the sort of stupid remark which is made by clever men; but it is none the more creditable to its author's memory for that.

ENGLAND'S HELICON.

AMONG the anthologies of English song that first saw the light during the reign of Elizabeth, there is none more considerable and representative than *England's Helicon*, and only two—*A Handful of Pleasant Delights*, 1584, and *The Phoenix Nest*, 1593—that at all approach it in poetic value. Though there is some truth in Mr. Arber's remark that these lyrical collections are mere selections, there is good reason to suppose, from the unity of aim betrayed by the contents, that the editor of *England's Helicon* was guided in his selection by a definite æsthetic principle, probably originating in his "loving, kind friend, Master John Bodenham." To this we owe the preponderance of pastoral poetry, lyrics both courtly and amatory, ranging from the charming naïveté of the true pastoral to the ingenious hyperbole and studied refinement of the Sidneian school. Mr. A. H. Bullen, the editor of the present volume, would, we fear, be unwilling to agree with our view of the harmonious accord presented by the poetry in *England's Helicon*, for he writes regretfully of the two dozen pieces attributed to Bartholomew Young, the translator of Montemayor's *Diana*. He has not a good word for this unhappy poet, and confesses it would have been a relief if he could have exiled Young altogether. Some of Young's pieces are undoubtedly disfigured by languid artifices, cold and heavy expression, and laboured style; but others possess a fair measure of Elizabethan felicity in execution and diction, and are very far from meriting Mr. Bullen's severity. They do not attain the very first rank, neither do they sink so low as to be a blot on the "excellent taste" that—otherwise, Mr. Bullen thinks—marks the collection. The variety of *England's Helicon* is as remarkable as the excellence of the poetry. The volume comprises poems drawn from older miscellanies, such as *Tottel's* and *The Phoenix Nest*; selections from popular works, as Spenser's *Eclogues* and Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*; a few original contributions; poems from the madrigal books of the period by Morley, Bird, Yonge, and Weelkes; and lyrics from the romances of Lodge and Greene. The first editor, "A. B."—Mr. Bullen has disposed of Bodenham's claims—evidently went far a-field to furnish this precious treasury of poetry. The present editor has done scarcely less in examining disputed claims, and in tracking "suggestion to its inmost cell." Most of the poems, signed or initialed, are now authenticated, and some old-standing problems that have vexed many students are solved. Even the initials to certain poems were not to be trusted, as we find (pp. 51–53) in the song "Tityrus to his fair Phyllis," signed "L. D.," and in the two pieces signed "L. M."—the quaint dialogue "Love's Thrall" and "Another by the Same," the lovely Arcadian ditty, "Fields were overspread with flowers." All these poems are shown by Mr. Bullen to be the work of John Dickenson, and are found in *The Shepherd's Complaint*, printed *circa* 1594, a copy of which was recently discovered by Mr. Charles Edmonds at Lampart Hall, the seat of Sir Charles Isham, Bart. The strange ascriptions of these poems to Sir John Davis and Donne, to John Marston and Jervase Markham, are now laid at rest.

The present edition of *England's Helicon* includes the additional poems of the edition of 1614, *England's Helicon*; or, the *Musæ Harmony*. It cannot be considered a reprint, inasmuch as Mr. Bullen gives in the poems by Sidney sundry readings from the earlier texts of that poet, supplying in footnotes the displaced readings. This course is justified both by the superior authority and the finer quality of the older text, all the amendments being distinct improvements; but Mr. Bullen does not note the variations in the second of the E. of Surrey's two poems, "The Complaint of Thestylis," as printed in the "Uncertain Authors" of *Tottel's Miscellany*. In this case the older is certainly not the better text, though

* *England's Helicon*. Edited by A. H. Bullen. London: John C. Nimmo. 1887.

the discrepancies might have been referred to. Mr. Bullen's introductory remarks are brief and relevant. The notes are all that the student could desire in the way of elucidation and comment. All the poems that have not as yet been traced to works prior to the date of *England's Helicon* are duly specified, as are those pieces transferred to later contemporary miscellanies—e.g. *A Pilgrim's Solace*, 1612, Dowland's music-book, wherein appears the very ingenious and anonymous "Apollo's Love Song for Fair Daphne," with an alteration by the lutenist. Another useful point in Mr. Bullen's brief bibliography must be noticed in the careful references to the Harleian MSS. It is hard to refrain from dilating on the rich stores of this beautiful volume, which every lover of poetry may be charitably supposed to know, if not by heart, by a more or less faithful memory. Mr. Bullen's edition is handsome as to paper and type, and limited to five hundred copies. We are glad to find that the editor is projecting a second series of *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books*, for which purpose he is ardently intent upon meeting with a copy of Robert Jones's song-book, *The Muses' Garden for Delights*, 1611, quoted in Beloe's *Anecdotes*, 1812.

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.*

SIR HORACE RUMBOLD'S volume on the Argentine States should be useful reading for emigrants and investors. As the English Minister there, he writes with good knowledge of his subjects, and with a sense of official responsibility. Six years have elapsed since he left the Argentine Republic, but his sanguine predictions made at the time have been justified by its subsequent prosperity and progress. There has been much bloodshed in the past, and execrable Presidential tyranny, but he believes that the day has gone by for armed revolutions, with the fatal war-cry and policy of *we victis*, while Europeans have been bringing labour and capital into the country. Great districts have been reclaimed for grazing or agriculture, the mileage of the railroads has doubled since then, and already "the locomotive has reached the very foot of the Andes." When the line is carried over the mountains it will be but a three days' journey from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso, and the swelling stream of through-traffic must undoubtedly benefit the Argentine States. Railways are being rapidly and cheaply constructed, over levels that scarcely task the ingenuity of the engineers; the navigation on the La Plata and its mighty tributaries is being opened up by the competition of spirited Steam Companies, but meantime much remains to be done nearer home. The great sea-borne trade of the La Plata is crippled, if not paralysed, by deficient harbour accommodation; the open roadsteads are always dangerous in a country that is exposed to terrible hurricanes, and the cost of loading and discharging cargo is so serious that it would be prohibitory were the markets less profitable. "The want of a port has been most justly described as a 'national calamity and disgrace,' and it is dreadful to reflect on the tax it entails on a trade which probably now amounts to little less than twenty millions sterling a year." Nor is the city of Buenos Ayres itself, although it lies in what are supposed to be balmy latitudes, by any means a Paradise. No city could be more easily drained, but sewerage works were begun only to be abandoned. In the same way, contracts for a pure and copious water supply came to grief, and the scanty allowance which is served out at present is poisonous. The sewage filters into the shallow surface wells, and the turbid river drains the vast slaughtering establishments. What saves the over-crowded population, and makes the place tolerably salubrious, is the magnificent air with its invigorating qualities, which can hardly be tainted even by the city filth and the refuse from the slaughter-houses. The climate, for many months, is superb. Yet the city is anything but a cheerful place of residence, monotonous streets in the best quarters, running at right angles to each other, and in the arid waste of unattractive places. The parks and public gardens, in which the people take a pride, are at a considerable distance from the centres of fashion, and only to be approached by wretched and unattractive roads. It is true that citizens of all classes travel by the universal tramcar, but even the tramways, although almost a necessity, are a nuisance, for they take precedence alike of foot-passengers and private carriages, and make the narrow pavements extremely perilous. It must be remembered, however, that Buenos Ayres, although an ancient Spanish settlement, has only renewed its youth comparatively recently. Its progress had been retarded by wars and revolutions; by the frequent pronunciamientos of ambitious generals, and by their fierce struggles to retain their usurped authority. While the troops were concentrated round the capital for political purposes, the outlying villages and settlements in the Pampas were left to protect themselves. Nothing is more suggestive of the state of things which existed till comparatively lately, than the abandoned tracks or *rastrilladas*, reaching into the old Indian territory. These tracks were formed by the regular incursions of savages,

who robbed, ravished, and murdered. And it is remarkable that those *rastrilladas* are extremely broad; for though the Indians rode in single file, yet they made their advance "in open *échelon*, one rider following the other at a short distance to the right, so as to leave each man's bridle hand perfectly free." Now the Indians have been hunted down or headed back, so that raiding parties are no longer to be dreaded, except in the remotest districts of the ill-defined republic. They have been replaced by the scarcely less savage Guachos, who, being bred and almost born in the saddle, watch the roving herds that range the Pampas. Foreigners of many nations have been pouring into the country; the capitalists among them have chiefly betaken themselves to cattle-breeding; but, for the most part, these speculative strangers are poor, and prefer to sojourn in the cities, where they follow mechanical arts. A few years ago, according to the census, half the population of the town of Buenos Ayres was European; of that half, one half was Italian, the other being composed of various nationalities, of whom "the Britishers" were three thousand. The Irish have done exceptionally well, which Sir Horace attributes to the influence of their judicious clergy. A certain Father Faby, who took his co-religionists specially in charge, acted as their banker, agent, and general adviser. He showed them safe investments, which they have turned to profitable account. Sir Horace says that these Irish "are a most valuable element on the River Plate"; and we are glad to know that, although intensely national in their feelings, they are by no means disloyal. As for the foreign capitalists who speculate in cattle-breeding *en grand*, two-thirds of the soil of the province is said already to have passed into their hands. Yet, with all their social weight and their heavy stake in the country, they have no direct power or influence in politics. The Constitution admits aliens to civil rights, but only those who have become naturalized citizens are eligible for office or for seats in the legislatures. It seems certain that, with their growing strength, the foreigners will soon insist on radical changes in that respect, when the credit of the Republic must improve with the prospect of political stability.

Adventurers in search of fortune will find drawbacks in the climate. Just as Sir Horace happened to land the pampas had been devastated by a tornado of exceptional violence, accompanied by a tremendous snowstorm. The cattle and sheep perished by thousands; they were found huddled together in the hollows in suffocated heaps—"the pampas had been turned into an open-air shambles, and ruin sown broadcast far and wide." Less destructive, but scarcely less disagreeable, are the periodical deluges of rain, when the sheets of water come down perfectly straight, to an incessant roll of thunder; when the dense blackness is only lighted up by the fitful glare of the forked lightning, and when you steam in the heat as in a prolonged vapour-bath, with a most depressing sense of physical prostration. Nor do these storms clear the atmosphere, and you must await a change in the wind. Of course in that tropical damp and heat vegetation flourishes in astonishing luxuriance. The plains around the cities are treeless and almost shrubless, but Sir Horace, who narrates an interesting expedition up the Uruguay, brought back glowing reports of the glories of the forests. "Each tree, with its rich drapery of creepers, and twisting tendrils and awing air-plants, formed a vegetable wonder in itself; beneath them was such an intricate growth of flowering shrubs and underwood that nature seemed really to have exhausted every form of vegetation in clothing the banks that hemmed us in on every side." Even more wonderful, perhaps, than his pictures of forest scenery are his accounts of the doings of the Jesuit missionaries and of the marvellous civilising influence they exercised in that barbarous country. They set the example of "sailing into the heart of a continent," and setting up the seat of their moral government two thousand miles from the sea and their ships. There are interesting notices of the architectural remains they have left; we are told they instructed their proselytes in even such delicate mechanical arts as watch-making; but what is most remarkable, as Sir Horace points out, is the indelible impressions they have left on the characters and temperaments of the Indians. "In our time the Paraguayan war has afforded convincing proof of the genius of organization and administration of the Order. The traditions of implicit obedience and devotion implanted in the Indians of Paraguay by the Jesuits alone enabled the tyrant Lopez to make a defence which can fairly be described as heroic."

We have seldom read a more entertaining book on Western American life by an Englishman than *Saddle and Moccasin*. The late Mr. Francis, famous for his fishing notes, was fond of fun, and "Francis Francis, Junior," seems to have inherited a double portion of the paternal humour. He praises the men of the world who settle in the wilds of the West for the facility with which they can divest themselves of their old fashions and the conventionalities of civilized speech, recovering them at will in congenial company. He seems to have that gift in perfection himself, and has steeped himself in the spirit and speech of the cowboys. His book abounds in good stories and clever character-sketches; the "Colonel" who, having settled on the Mexican frontier, goes under the sobriquet of "La Cabeza," is capital; his quaint drollery never fails him, and we could swear that he is a veritable portrait, with each feature made realistic. The Colonel shows to the greatest advantage when he is travelling with "Joe," who is his *fidus Achates*. One and the other are types of the successful pioneer and frontier capitalist. Hard as nails and of almost gigantic stature, quick of speech and ready with the rifle, they impose themselves on their rough retainers as natural kings of

* *The Great Silver River—Notes of a Residence in Buenos Ayres in 1880 and 1881.* By Sir Horace Rumbold, Bart., K.C.M.G. London: John Murray. 1887.

Saddle and Moccasin. By Francis Francis, Junior. London: Chapman & Hall. 1887.

Among the Colonels and Cowboys. From "Dans les Montagnes Rocheuses," of Baron E. de Mandat-Grancey. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1887.

men. Mr. Francis sets forth, with practical suggestiveness, the qualities which give a gentleman consideration in those parts. He should set an example of pluck, dash, and endurance; he should be apparently indifferent to dangers, hardships, and privations; but, above all, he must know how to deal with his inferiors so as to attach them and make them zealous in his service. The Colonel could sit down at table—or rather at a board supported by stones or empty casks—with small squatters, swearing teamsters, and his own rough cowboys. He would talk their talk, purged of its coarseness, and be as ready with a rough repartee as any of them. Yet all the more on that account did they tacitly recognize his superiority, and they were willing to risk their lives for him on occasion. Mr. Francis gives a variety of valuable information, and he generally communicates it agreeably in frontier vernacular. Thus he takes the opportunity of a long *tête-à-tête* ride with a cattle superintendent to illustrate the difficulties that beset the ranchman. "There's lots of things to look to in choosing a range." The cattle will stray, if they don't get good grass; if they don't find fair shelter in all weathers; if they don't fancy the taste of the water, of which there should be an abundance conveniently distributed. And when the cattle stray it is a serious business, taxing the strength and energies of the herdsmen to the utmost. In some of the mountain stations, where there is little bush or shelter in the rolling ground, cattle will drift before a "blizzard" for a hundred miles or so. Reclaiming them is always a troublesome task; consequently they are elaborately, and even cruelly, branded. Then the quality of the breeding stock is an important consideration. Cattle may be picked up cheap in Mexico, but they are wild, and cause infinite annoyance; they are low in flesh, as they put it slowly on; they increase slowly; and the cows, of course, will drop the calves after hard driving over long stages. "I'm all," said Mr. Francis's companion and mentor; "I'm all for grading up cattle. Look at it! Graded cattle are more valuable, ain't they? And they're gentler and easier to handle, so you work your capital at less expense. Besides this, there's a larger percentage of increase to them than there is to scrubs. They always command a sale, and at a fair price too." But there can be no doubt that the golden days of ranching are over. Its ephemeral prosperity is already overcast. As the cowboy came in the place of the Indian and the trapper, so he will soon be superseded in his turn by the agriculturist. The rancher now must buy his grazing tracts outright if he means to keep them from the agricultural selectors who pick out the choice lots round the streams and springs. He must sometimes fence in his territories, or risk law-suits before corrupt tribunals with perpetual quarrels, and as he sinks more of his money in more valuable stock, he suffers more by storms, hard winters, and epidemics; while the prices he obtained are coming down with the continual settling up of the back country. Mr. Francis calls his book *Saddle and Moccasin*, but he has more to say about the saddle than the moccasin, although he reports his inspection of a corps of Indian scouts attached to the regular troops that were operating against the roving Apaches, and although his friend, the Colonel, having settled in the "debatable" districts, was always eager for Indian intelligence and on the outlook for Indian "sign." It shows the strength of their natural fastnesses that a mere handful of mounted Apaches, who had broken out of their reserves, encumbered as they were with their squaws and papooses, could keep an immense extent of ranching ground in alarm, although it was guarded by any number of armed cowboys, backed up by the regulars and friendly Indians. In taking leave of Mr. Francis we can only wish that we could afford space for extracts from his admirable descriptions of scenery. They are full of freshness and feeling, as they have the sharply defined outlines of photographs taken in the transparent American atmosphere.

If the Baron de Grancey did not go over the same ground as Mr. Francis, he kept much the same kind of company and went through similar experiences. We should undoubtedly have been better pleased with his book had we not come straight to it after enjoying *Saddle and Moccasin*. Both take a humorous survey of human nature, but the humour of the Englishman is easier and more sprightly. Still the French gentleman deserves great credit for the cheery spirit in which he conducted his exhaustive explorations among a people of strange speech and extremely objectionable habits. He went up mountains and he went down mines. He forced the *consignes* of sulky mining monopolists, who protected themselves from intrusion by armed body-guards; and had he not had the good fortune to be an excellent swimmer, he would repeatedly have been drowned in fording the flooded and bridgeless rivers. He tells the same tale as Mr. Francis as to the ranching. Capital and intelligence are more indispensable than ever to the man who hopes to make money by the trade. But small capitalists may still do marvellously well in agriculture, especially if they have the luck to select their "location" in the neighbourhood of a rising city. Cities shoot up like mushrooms near populous and profitable mines, and the miners pay for bare necessities in the most reckless manner. Men in the employment of Companies earn high wages, but the pursuit is as attractive as ever to speculative prospectors "on their own hook." Having once tasted the excitement of that form of gambling, the victim becomes as hopelessly enslaved to it as to drink or opium. The Baron gives instances of men who worked hard and saved their wages, to wander away on the search for veins, so long as the money lasted, when they come back to earn more cash for fresh expeditions. He gives sundry examples of successful mines; but it seems to us that, save in exceptional cases, the profits have latterly

been smaller than they used to be as the preliminary outlay of capital has become greater. In these mining States there are few soldiers and no police; but the economy to the ratepayers is apparent rather than real when men have anything to lose. The cost of "fighting men," or roughs armed to the teeth with Winchesters, revolvers, and bowie-knives, engaged to guard the treasures, is the heaviest item in the balance-sheets of remunerative and well-regulated mines. At "Smets," where 120 stamps are at work, the cost of the fighting men came to one-seventh of the gross expenditure in crushing each ton of quartz. The Baron cannot say much for the hospitality of the Wild West, as he suffered cruelly from its miserable and monotonous *cuisine*. He lived on rancid bacon and indigestible bread; he slept only too often on mouldy hay or rotten straw; and the bills for the supper, breakfast, and bed varied generally from five to eight dollars. If these Western settlers do not make their farming profitable, it can only be because guests like Baron de Grancey are scarce.

SOME NEW PRINTS.

A MAGNIFICENT etching comes to us from Messrs. Bousso & Valadon, of Bond Street. It is M. Waltner's copy of a portrait by Rembrandt, the celebrated "Elizabeth Jacob Bas" at Amsterdam. The print is about eighteen inches in height by fifteen, and the impression before us has been most carefully taken on vellum or parchment, a material admirably suited to show off the best qualities of an etching, and at the same time, it may be added, to drive a printer frantic. The old Dutch lady is represented in a little more than half-length, seated with her hands crossed, a pocket-handkerchief with a lace border being in her right hand. She wears lace cuffs and a prodigious ruff. Her dress is furled, and on a table to the spectator's left is a book, presumably a family Bible. The face is round and plump, but considerably marked by wrinkles, as becomes a lady of sixty or so, and a strong-minded lady too, who has evidently acquired her shrewd, firm, common-sense expression—not without a touch of kindness in it—from the management and bringing up of a large number of children, the record of whose birth is doubtless in the sacred volume beneath her right elbow. The picture certainly belongs to Rembrandt's best period; and M. Waltner's etching, whether we judge it technically, as a difficult mechanical performance, or artistically as an attempt—a most ambitious attempt—to repeat the effects of colour in monochrome, must be regarded as one of the greatest of his achievements.

The "Court Bath of Versailles," which comes to us from the same publishers, is a performance of a very different character. M. Flameng's picture was exhibited at Messrs. Goupil's gallery a short time ago, and the present photogravure, some twenty inches square, recalls its chief features very vividly. The subject is of a kind that French rather than English artists indulge in. Some fourteen Court ladies of the reign of Louis Quinze are shown in the old circular bath, with its tall columns and arches. Some are fully costumed in the brocades of the period; others are dressing or undressing, as the case may be. The photogravure is, as usual with this firm, all that can be desired.

Mr. Fildes's "Venetian Flower-Girl" is copied in another photogravure by the same skilful firm. The picture gains, we venture to think, by the absence of the garish and inharmonious colour which confused the sight in the original. Mr. Fildes appears, indeed, to have made the mistake often attributed to younger artists—that of thinking that bright colours in sufficient quantities, massed heterogeneously together, must produce a brilliant picture. The present example shows how far wrong an experimentalist in this direction can go. The print gives all that is best in the picture—the careful drawing, the easy, graceful pose, the highly-finished groups of flowers, and, above all, a face of such loveliness as to contradict emphatically its fanciful attribution in the title to a Venetian flower-girl. We have also received from the same firm two prints, "An Affair of Honour" and "Reconciliation," photogravures after M. Bayard. The spectacle of two women fencing in earnest with sharp weapons can scarcely be agreeable; the skill of the artist goes some distance unquestionably to redeem it. The fencing details are well rendered, and the attitudes skilfully depicted; while, as to the print, it is up to MM. Goupil's usual level in photogravure.

MM. Bousso & Valadon have issued a fine portrait of the Queen, after Bassano, which might be mistaken for a lithograph of the delicate kind, which now seems likely to become extinct, but which was all the rage when Her Majesty came to the throne. A large photogravure, resembling mezzotint, is also issued by this prolific establishment. It is a copy of Mr. Sant's portrait of Mme. Patti, and has much of the quality and abundance of detail to which real mezzotint so readily lends itself.

From Messrs. Dickinson, of New Bond Street, we have received a proof impression of Mr. Atkinson's mezzotint from Mr. Blake Wigram's picture "Peace with Honour." Her Majesty the Queen is seated in an armchair to the spectator's left, in a commonplace apartment in the villa at Osborne. A boule table separates her from the figure of her great minister, leaving a good deal of canvas or paper to spare between. Lord Beaconsfield places one hand on the table and one on the back of an ordinary and very ugly "parlour" chair. The treatment, so far as it can be judged by the print, is large, and in places almost rough, and there is no attempt at composition; but the scene is not one which requires

anything but the simplest handling, and it will appeal to the feelings of all Englishmen who deserve the name.

From the same publishers we have also received "Vith. Chamber, Winchester College. The Prefect in Hall's Toys," an etching, fine and rich in effect, representing an old window, some venerable furniture and other accessories, forming a pleasing picture. The engraving is by Mr. Herbert Lyndon.

Three views of cathedrals before us comprise Norwich, Chichester, and Hereford, being general sketches from a short distance, and showing as much of the surrounding landscape of each place as of the fabric of the cathedral itself. The etchings, which are published by Messrs. Gladwell, are by Mr. W. W. Burgess. The view of Chichester is by far the most pleasing, a sunset effect accounting for the deep heavy colour of the trees in the middle distance. The same heaviness without the same excuse may be seen in both the Norwich and the Hereford, and though it may be commended as a means of throwing up the brilliancy of the sky, it is not in itself very pleasing. All the three cathedrals stand on level ground; there is, therefore, no distance of high hills or blue mountains to aid the artist. Mr. Burgess, under the circumstances, has perhaps acted wisely in using the towers and spires of the principal buildings represented, as in another scene he might have used the Alps or the Apennines. Beyond the spires again he has spent much pains upon the skies, and, as we have hinted, with conspicuous success in the view of Chichester. The sky of the Norwich etching—the spectator is looking towards the north-west—shows great masses of cloud with an early afternoon sun; and it is evident that Mr. Burgess has remembered what so many etchers forget, that the points of the compass, although they influence a visitor but silently and imperceptibly, are yet of the utmost importance to the sketcher who would give an air of reality to his work. This care is least apparent in the view of Hereford. The darkness of the six sombre arches in the middle of the view would have been best relieved by a more vigorous sky, while the great square central tower of the cathedral would have been just as impressive if it had been light against a dark cloud. We are not, however, inclined to criticize very severely. Mr. Burgess hardly knew beforehand, perhaps, the great difficulty of the undertaking before him, and the impossibility of securing likeness and variety also in the treatment of so many very similar subjects. Canterbury, Rochester, Ely, Lincoln, and Durham are among wholly different surroundings from those which make views of Chichester, Norwich, Hereford, and even Salisbury, Winchester, and Exeter so difficult. We shall watch the progress of the series with interest; and can only hope that Mr. Burgess will not be deterred by the larger details from coming to closer quarters with the buildings in some of his next etchings.

FRENCH LITERATURE

THE four mighty volumes of M. Buisson's Dictionary of Pedagogy (1) contain something like six thousand pages of a large octavo size, printed so closely in double columns that each must contain much more than the matter of a large folio page of ordinarily generous type and spacing. The bulk, however, is certainly not too much for the scheme, which, in the first part, seems to limit itself (yet not in any skimping fashion) to subjects directly connected with pedagogy proper, but in the second branches out almost into the *omne scibile*, and, at any rate, provides a succinct encyclopædia for the use of teachers troubled with inquiring minds or pupils. There may be, perhaps, reasons for thinking that the book might have been better confined to its first part, which has a distinct and independent *raison d'être*. But the teaching profession in France is no doubt a large one, and it may be convenient and suitable to the *esprit de suite* of that (in some things) orderly country that all its members should be able to provide themselves with Popular Instructors on a uniform and sufficient scale.

The sixth volume of M. Chantelauze's edition of Retz (2) has been waited for some time; but the author had very good reasons for delaying this particular part of a work which is at least the equal in scholarship and in combination of laborious with business-like care of any member of the admirable series of which it forms part. The letters and other writings of the indomitable Cardinal during his ten years of imprisonment, exile, and general disaster after the suppression of the Fronde and the triumph of his enemy Mazarin had never been properly collected and published, and it is this task of collection and publication which M. Chantelauze has undertaken and discharged in a volume of more than seven hundred pages with the thoroughness of work and fulness of illustration which distinguish him. The volume renews the wonder, which is so often felt, first how scholars can be got to perform such tasks in France, and, secondly, how the public can be got to buy the books in such quantities as will pay the publishers for their risk and the editors for their labour. It is certain that no working and unendowed man of letters could possibly (unless he possessed some of the miraculous fairy gifts of legend) do such work in England and live, while no English

publisher, unless he wished to see his way clear to the Bankruptcy Court, could pay his editor and publish the book at six shillings.

M. de Mandat-Grancey (of whose books we have read more than one, and who is by no means a simpleton) may perhaps chuckle a little at the seriousness with which his work on Ireland (3) has been taken by some of our English contemporaries, unless indeed the seriousness with which a Frenchman nearly always takes himself may prevent him from chuckling. He starts with a very sound idea that Irish sufferings, if not Irish troubles, depend in reality on economic, not on political or "racial" causes. He has occasionally acute notions on other matters; but he has two little defects—the one the *lues viatorum* or travellers' desire to be funny, and the other a Frenchman's serene certainty that he can measure all coats by neat little yard-measures of his own devising. Thus he is quite sure that the real reason of the objection to the Channel Tunnel was that the English "feared for their coasting trade." Now, we may speak as well as most people for the opponents of the Channel Tunnel, and we can assure M. de Mandat-Grancey that not one in a hundred of them cared or feared one brass farthing for damage to the coasting trade. Of course this has nothing to do with Ireland, but it is a fair sample of the ingenious fashion in which the author solves all problems. His remarks on Ireland itself are not seldom shrewd, but they are considerably vitiated by his two defects.

Nearly ten years ago we tried to do justice to Dorat in the *Saturday Review*; so that, as far as we are concerned, M. Desnoiresterres's apologetic preface (4) preaches to the converted. We are all the more glad to welcome an agreeable book from a hand than which there is certainly none more competent for the particular purpose. M. Desnoiresterres busies himself less with the literary than with the social and biographical side of his subject, and gives plenty of details of the circle (if it can be so called) of which Dorat was the chief bard and Fanny de Beauharnais the queen.

Twelve volumes of the best work of Voltaire (5), selected and edited by that learned Roumanian and Voltairian, M. Georges Bengesco, charmingly printed by M. Jouaust, and obtainable for some thirty shillings, ought to be a boon to many persons whom the enormous bulk and considerable cost of the whole and the uncomeliness of most cheap editions of separate works repel. M. Bengesco opens the ball with the plays *Edipe*, *Brutus*, *Zaïre*, and *Mérope*. Voltaire's plays, do what one will, will never get more than a success of esteem here; they hardly get as much now in their own country; but they are triumphs of art for all that.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

AMONG Jubilee books a pleasant novelty is provided by Messrs. A. W. Tuer and C. E. Fagan, who set forth a skilful delineation of London life during the memorable months between Her Majesty's Accession and Coronation in a volume entitled *The First Year of a Silken Reign* (Field & Tuer), the least merit of which is the punning title derived from the verse of an anonymous poet—"uncurbed, with silken rein unfelt." This pretty but rather transparent device may be pardoned for the real excellence of the volume, which is a refreshing departure from those miracles of desperate compression and undigested facts that review the last half-century as from an express train, leaving a blurred retrospect without one distinct image. This one-year record commences with Her Majesty's accession to the throne, and it ends with a capital description of the Coronation and the great fair in Hyde Park. The opening of the London and Birmingham railway as far as Box Moor on the 20th of July, 1837, and the first voyages of the *Sirius* and the *Great Western* across the Atlantic in the following spring are the suggestive material for an animated chapter on the early days of steam. Here, as in their vivid sketches of the fashions and amusements of London society, the compilers present a striking picture of the round of life fifty years ago, and make excellent use of contemporary evidence drawn from a variety of sources. Among the illustrations after original plates of the period are Miss Costello's portrait of Her Majesty taken on the morning of her accession, and several curious pictures showing the walking and evening costumes of a lady of fashion and the antiquated garb of good company at Brighton.

Mr. Alfred Moloney's *Sketch of the Forestry of West Africa* (Sampson Low & Co.) is put forth "as a humble contribution commemorative of the Jubilee," though, beyond the accident of its date, it does not appear to be in any way connected with that celebration—which, by the way, Mr. Moloney calls an "ever-to-be-gratefully-remembered anniversary." With equal quaintness he observes, referring to the difficulties of his task, "both temperature and other local demands on my time were unfavourable." Though chiefly dealing with the economic aspects of an important subject, Mr. Moloney's book will be found suggestive and interesting by many people who know nothing of the Colonies and to whom Mincing Lane is a mystery. Who loves a garden loves a forest too, and there is something exceedingly attractive to the orderly mind of a good gardener in the pathless wilds of vegetation

(1) *Dictionnaire de pédagogie et d'instruction primaire*. Publié sous la direction de F. Buisson. 4 tomes. Paris: Hachette.

(2) *Les grands écrivains de la France—Cardinal de Retz*. Tome sixième. Paris: Hachette.

(3) *Chez Paddy*. Par Baron E. de Mandat-Grancey. Paris: Plon.

(4) *Le Chevalier Dorat et les poètes légers au XVIII^{ème} siècle*. Par G. Desnoiresterres. Paris: Perrin.

(5) *Œuvres choisies de Voltaire*. Paris: Jouaust.

which unimaginative settlers call the Bush. The people of Lagos and of the British settlements in West Africa do not seem to love forests or to understand forestry. They look upon the former as so much rank superfluity to be cleared by fire or axe, while they recognize the necessity of conserving trees as little as they value the science of botany. They waste much, Mr. Moloney thinks, and conserve nothing. In certain industries—e.g. the production of indiarubber—they seem to be killing the goose that lays the golden eggs by wanton destruction and reckless tapping of trees. Mr. Moloney has utilized his official connexion with the Government of Lagos to excellent purpose in his valuable and pertinent *Sketch*. The undeveloped, or ill-developed, resources of West African forests in timber, fruits, fibres, oils, dye-woods, and other raw products, are shown to be very considerable, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Moloney's plea for the study of economic botany among the commercial classes and for some sound system of forestry may produce excellent results.

The Evolution Hypothesis (Edinburgh: Gemmell) is the title of a critical examination of Mr. Herbert Spencer's writings by Mr. W. Todd Martin, who shows much keenness and ability in his investigation of the hypothetic formula of Evolutionists, especially in dealing with the non-material aspects of the subject—the evolution of mind and the sources of consciousness. The author writes with earnestness and force; his style is clear in exposition and well tempered in controversy.

Home Education: or, Irish versus English Grammar Schools for Irish Boys (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.), is the title of an essay by Mr. Maurice Hime, Head-Master of Foyle College, the purport of which is to show the folly of Irish parents in sending their boys to English schools. There is much curious statistical information in this novel ebullition of Home-Rule sentiment. Mr. Hime discovers from *Thom's Directory*, or by personal inquiries, that ninety per cent. of the most distinguished living Irishmen were exclusively educated in Ireland, and of the remaining percentage (96) nearly one-half "were educated at Irish as well as English schools." With such glorious results it is a little strange that Mr. Hime should be at such pains to retain in Irish grammar schools the fifteen or sixteen hundred Irish boys who annually leave Ireland for English schools. These boys, it seems, seldom or never distinguish themselves when once given over to the pernicious and levelling influence of our middle-class schools. Mr. Hime has known them "unaffected and gentle in manners" on their departure, only to return with "a cordial dislike of Ireland and everything Irish," with "vile swaggering manners," and, in the place of their own natural and simple accent, "a complex mongrel accent, most disagreeable to listen to." Altogether, there is a good deal of *parti pris* in Mr. Hime's advocacy, and much that will engage the attention of English schoolmasters.

Under the title *The Schools of Greater Britain* (W. Collins, Sons, & Co.) Mr. John Russell has compiled a handbook of practical utility, the bulk of which is reprinted from the *Schoolmaster*. The book is the natural outcome of the various and extremely interesting displays of educational work in the Indian and Colonial Exhibition. The information given embraces valuable statistics of expenditure, attendance, courses of study, and school buildings throughout India and the Colonies. There seems to be an ample supply of teachers in the Colonies, Queensland alone being still open to outsiders; and even there, according to Mr. Russell, the chances of employment are few.

There is a good deal of harmless and inconsequential chatter about books and men and the day of small things in *A Club of One* (Boston: Houghton & Co.), the contents of which are set forth under the thin pretext that they represent certain papers mysteriously discovered in a padlocked drawer.

Mr. E. Robertson, M.P., reviews the political system of the United States in a sketch entitled *American Home Rule* (A. & C. Black), a title of misleading application at the present time, especially as there is a vigorous movement in progress in America against the mischievous State laws of marriage and divorce and favouring Federal and inter-State legislation. Indeed, Mr. Robertson compares the steady growth of the National Government with the non-development of the powers possessed by the State Governments, and he recognizes the balance maintained between the two by the Federal judiciary. There is much courage in Mr. Robertson's statement, "There is no provincialism in the United States." Mr. Henry James thought there was a good deal.

England and her Colonies (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) comprises five essays on Imperial Federation, submitted originally to the London Chamber of Commerce for their prize competition, and selected for publication by the judges, Mr. Froude, Professor Seeley, and Sir R. W. Rawson. The prize-taker, Mr. William Greswell, shows in his readable essay an excellent grasp of the subject and a really notable skill in historical illustration.

Mr. J. Pierce's little volume of verse, *Stanzas and Sonnets* (Longmans & Co.), possesses more of quiet brooding and meditative intensity than of the fervour and movement of lyrical inspiration. Their highest merit—and it is by no means frequent in the poetry of the day—lies in their suggestive thoughtfulness. While they are provocative of thought, they are also admirably lucid in expression. *Lanciotto* (Wyman & Co.) is a drama in which Francesca of Rimini is an ineffective figure, gifted with strange powers of extremely florid speech delivered in very crabbed blank verse. The example of Poe has proved fatal to the author of *Jauree*; and other Poems (Stewart & Co.) We have an inexplicable and amazing "Ulalume" and a new lay of Leenore, signi-

ficantly called "A Lay of Dipsomania." Echoes of "Never more!" the "dim Nevermore!" and other Poe-like touches, such as "songs all built on groans," the "grim and umbre King of Terrors," and so forth, diversify the somewhat depressing themes of the poet. Mr. Reginald Belling's *Alcyone; or, a Dream of Paradise* (Wyman & Sons) ought to satisfy the most inveterate lover of mysticism. With bewildering abruptness the poet passes from the enraptured contemplation of his visions to express the practical though unpoetic aspiration that "invention new and useful" may mark this year of Jubilee—

And that the pendulum-engine may be near
A fact accomplished ere the year close in.

Mr. Henry Sell's useful *Dictionary of the World's Press* contains articles by Mr. Forbes and Mr. F. O. Crump, Q.C., an illustrated paper on "Press and other Literary Curiosities," and a gallery of portraiture depicting English and foreign editors, in addition to the newspaper directory and list of magazines and periodicals.

As a manual for easy and trustworthy reference nothing could be better than *May's British and Irish Press Guide*, issued by Messrs. F. L. May & Co. It is a workmanlike, compact, and thoroughly handy compilation.

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